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Household Number for July



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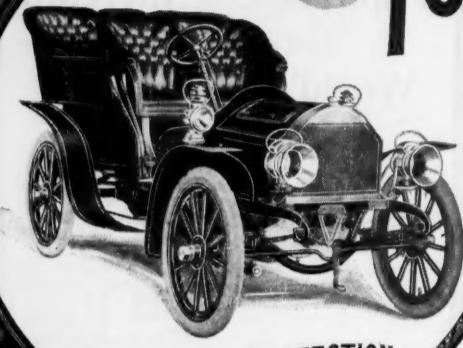
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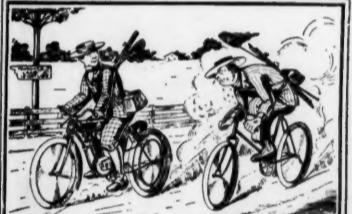
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HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR JULY



This is the sixth of a series of drawings in color by Mr. Smedley appearing in the Household Numbers depicting incidents of American home life

TENNIS AND TEA

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY



THE NOMINATION OF MR. ROOSEVELT has for a long time been a matter of course. It has been also a matter of common-sense and justice. If Mr. HANNA had lived and the opponents of the President had managed to prevent his nomination, it would have been a triumph of money over principle. Mr. ROOSEVELT is popular with the people. He is unpopular with machines and bosses everywhere, from State organizations to the little ring that controls the Senate. His record is one which gives the Republicans an advantage in the approaching contest. He has been ahead of his party on every issue. He has accomplished something against post-office corruption and against corporations which exist in defiance of the Sherman Law.

THE REPUBLICAN STANDARD BEARER man. He was the most efficient friend of Cuba, and did what was in his power for the Filipinos. He showed an inclination toward ameliorating the tariff, and in retreating from that position he was driven by his party, it not being a subject on which he was fitted by the nature of his mind to lead. About foreign complications he has done a little foolish talking, but he has known enough to rely in action upon the remarkable group of men selected by his predecessor. He deserves a share of the credit for what has been done by Mr. HAY, Mr. Root, and Mr. TAFT, for it is one of the most important functions of an Executive to harmonize with and trust the proper men. This record must be of greater moment in the struggle now directly before us than all the platforms and promises which cost only a little paper and a little ink.

THE CLAIMS OF PARTY are something to make the angels weep. The angels take men seriously. If they were more satirical by nature, party eloquence would give them pure diversion. "Party," said POPE, "is the madness of many for the gain of a few." Yet the party system is a necessity of government by the people, and it is a good thing as long as it means a contest about principles and not over mere prejudice in favor of the word Republican or the word Democratic. Party allegiance should sit lightly on good citizens. We have just been reading a history of the Republican party, thereby considerably improving our digestion. "It may be," says the author, "that the success of the party of LINCOLN and GRANT and GARFIELD and MCKINLEY may have been in part due to the misdeeds and miscreants of the Democratic party." The double use of "may be" represents the style throughout. It is too earnest to be correct. Uncle JOE CANNON credits the party which he adorns with "the successful prosecution of every work undertaken."

PARTY NOISE Fancy! He also credits it with "the unprecedented advance of our people, materially, socially, and mentally." Under the "control" of this remarkable organization we have, according to Uncle JOE, come to stand first in our record of "industrial, financial, military, and moral developments." The history of Republicanism is the recent history of the nation, "for we may very well eliminate the very brief period when the country was in the hands of the Democratic party with the disaster and suffering which followed." From Uncle JOE we now turn away regretfully, with the concluding note that he says his party is constructed on LINCOLN's principle of "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people." The President, for the time being, of our Senate assures us that "there can be no doubt" that the "countless problems" of the future will be solved by his party with spirit, energy, and success. When the Democrats have chosen their nominee, both parties will be telling us how pure and great they are, and we shall settle back and listen to their megaphones until November 8.

THE LONGEST CHAPTER IN HISTORY is the chapter of the unexpected. Who imagined, when the war began, that Americans or Europeans would ever stand in awe of Asiatics, man for man? There were some who feared their numbers, but none who believed that ten thousand Japanese on the field of battle might be equal or superior to ten thousand English, Germans, or Americans. War has earned a new horror by the discovery of a people which may fight better than ourselves. They may not, of course, but we are by no means assured, and England and ourselves do not know when Japan may want Australia and the Philippines. The time is far ahead, but it may come. The war has taught us modesty. It is serving as something of an antidote to the mood resulting from our fight with Spain. Russia gets most of the lessons, but all the Western na-

A CHAPTER OF THE UNEXPECTED

8

tions get their share. When the Japanese historians make their record, the few months since the first attack at Port Arthur can be packed about as full of tales of courage as any equally brief fragment of time that the world has seen. How the conditions of bravery have changed since the days when the British regulars made their repeated charges up Breed's Hill. They have changed considerably even since the three long days of Gettysburg. If it is always the unexpected that happens, few happenings have been more unexpected than the change of tone which half a year has forced the West to take toward the character, abilities, and future of the Japanese.

EX-GOVERNOR FRANCIS, President of the World's Fair at St. Louis, is one of two citizens of Missouri frequently mentioned as a dark-horse possibility of the Democratic Convention. We hardly think the Democrats, whatever their possibilities for folly, will nominate a politician who has been an opponent of JOSEPH FOLK in his brilliant fight against the Missouri machine. Some people have thought the opposition of FRANCIS was based on a fear that FOLK's success would make him Missouri's favorite son in 1908, and thus put a spoke in the ambitions of the former Governor and Cabinet officer. Guessing at motives is not our task at present. We wish merely to suggest the IN MISSOURI volume of indifference, of positive ennui, that would fall upon the Democratic voters if they were asked to work up ardor for Mr. FRANCIS. Such a nomination would also have hurt Mr. FOLK's campaign for the Governorship, had there been any serious opposition. Fortunately, however, the machine is already beaten, and the Republicans have no chance, as is shown by the consideration which they are giving to the question of indorsing Mr. FOLK. Whether they do or not is actually a pure matter of national and local politics, although it may take on the look of tribute to the Circuit Attorney's virtues.

THE WISCONSIN CONTEST illustrates absurdities which we have frequently noted in the extremes of party loyalty. It has, in its way, a national significance. Whatever the special individual interests at stake, Governor LA FOLLETTE is making a fight for caucus reform and for a needed amendment to the political machinery. Such a change would so thoroughly destroy the State Republican "machine" that, though Governor LA FOLLETTE and his lieutenants captured the State convention, Senator SPOONER led a bolt from the convention, and put into the field a second Republican candidate for Governor, representing what he called "the stalwarts"; which, of course, merely means the old machine. That Senator SPOONER, in many respects a valuable man at Washington, should stoop to fight so bitterly the issue which Mr. LA FOLLETTE represents, to defend a machine and to ensure his own political prestige, shows on its face how much needed is THE ISSUE IN WISCONSIN the reform which Governor LA FOLLETTE and his followers advocate. We are now coming rapidly to realize that the American voter is not so independent a thinker as our constitutional fathers predicted he would be. By birth or circumstance he is likely to affiliate with his party early and "stands pat." Two years ago the Republican platform of Wisconsin was identical with the Democratic platform of Michigan. Likewise the Republicans of Michigan and the Democrats of Wisconsin were offering the same leading issue. Had the voters of each State been transposed they would have loyally voted in just the opposite way. So much for "political principles." Mr. LA FOLLETTE is seeking to save us from this non-thinking tendency to "stand pat" and defend a party, right or wrong. He is educating the people to the difference between voting for an idea and voting for a mark.

RUSSIAN CHARACTER IS UNKNOWN to Europe and America. We know certain qualities, but we form no conception of the whole, as we do of a German, Frenchman, or Italian. The Russian is as foreign to us as the Chinaman or Japanese. He is not more than half a European—probably considerably less than half. To the Western mind he seems strangely Oriental. Perhaps to the Oriental he seems Western. After PETER THE GREAT broke down some of the barriers between his country and the outer world, the Russian upper classes took in considerable European culture from the French, but the effect went no deeper than the surface influences of culture. Russia, standing between the Orient and the Occident, looks to herself for her future—in contrast to Japan,



which is ready to borrow from all the world. Japan is adaptable. Russia has genius. She has also an immense naive self-confidence, which shows trivially in her boasting and nobly in the calm with which she goes about her work and looks toward the future. The poet LERMONTOV tells of the hero Ilia Mouromietz, who sat thirty years without moving, and arose only when he learned of his heroic force. DOSTOIEVSKY, among many, prophesies that the other powers of Europe will be worn out by struggles of their classes, whereas in Russia the populace is naturally content and the national mind so

RUSSIA'S FUTURE spiritual that a general humanitarian effort will form a contrast to the constant conflicts of Europe proper.

"Universal democratic tendencies and absolute concord among all Russians, from the greatest to the least," was the unhesitating language of the great novelist thirty years ago. Would he say as much to-day? Probably yes, essentially, with explanations and modifications. Russia is kept one by her separate genius. The Russian peasants for generations have spoken of convicts as "unfortunate." Their sense of human brotherhood makes them sometimes weak, just as it has shorn TOLSTOI of his strength. TOLSTOI, however, remains great, and Russian history also promises to be great. A military check to-day is not likely to make Russia's future less spiritual or less useful to the world.

THE RUSSIAN LIES, according to one of Russia's greatest men, for the mere pleasure of the lie, and yet he has dug deeper into moral truth than any in our generation. The country is represented by the Czar, and also by Count CASSINI. Russia is a bureaucracy, and yet it is the seed-ground of the most inspired socialistic doctrines of our day. With the religious socialism, or social religion, of the great Russian thinkers goes the lower form of socialism which belongs to the ignorance of the people. The power of society, says SPENCER, over the individual is greatest among the lowest peoples. "The private doings of each person are far more tyrannically regulated by the community among savages than they are among civilized men; and one aspect of advancing civilization is the emancipation of the individual from the despotism of the aggregate of individuals. Though in an uncivilized tribe the control of each by all is not effected through formulated law, it is effected through established custom, often far more rigid. The young man

RUSSIAN CONTRADICTIONS can not escape the tattooing, or the knocking out of teeth, or the circumcision, prescribed by usage and enforced by public opinion." A development of this tribal socialism is found in Russia as in China, along with the most absolute despotism in the Government. That an Englishman, writing on America, should call his book "The Land of Contrasts" shows that opposing principles can be sought out in any country; but to the European type of intelligence Russia is the country of deepest contradictions. We are young in a sense mainly political. Russia has the youth of a people just emerging from intellectual darkness into education and the freeing of its own genius, little influenced by the ideas and traditions which we hold in common with western Europe. Therefore, many things which seem contradictory to us are only inchoate, like the modes of governing, or perhaps are merely different from ourselves. Others, like the contrast between mendacity and spirituality, and between charity and cruelty, are treated by the most intelligent Russians themselves as difficult to understand. The traits remind us of the Orient, and the Russian comments on them remind us of the Occident.

THE GREATEST NOVEL EVER WRITTEN, in the opinion of some of those best qualified to judge, is TOLSTOI's "Anna Karénina." The later parts of that story appeared serially after the outbreak of the Crimean War, and, of course, long after TOLSTOI had written "War and Peace." These chapters gave a judgment of war so opposed to the editorial views that the newspaper, the

TWO SIDES OF WAR "Russian Messenger," refused to go on with the publication, which was continued elsewhere. "War," says Levin, who represents the author, "is something so bestial, so savage, so horrible, that not only no Christian, but no man, would assume the responsibility for declaring it." Governments do what private conscience would refuse, says TOLSTOI; exaggerating, according to his wont, as he celebrates the common people and opposes government altogether. Of the belief that all war is bad, he is by far the greatest living defender. When he was opposing

powerfully the Turkish War, other Russian thinkers, only less great, were hailing it as a glorious burst of principle, of generous feeling, by which thousands of men were willing to die in order that Turkish soldiers might cease to murder Christian babies and women; and incidentally, of course, that Holy Russia might gain possession of Constantinople. Both views of war are true. War does bring out virtues which atrophy in peace. It electrifies whole peoples and stirs them to higher thoughts and emotion. The noblest expression and expansion of a nation have frequently followed war. TOLSTOI sees the soldier going out to murder a human brother. Another sees him risking his life for his friends and country. War, like many great experiences, is full of contrast. It brutalizes and ennobles. It stimulates and depresses. It has its double aspects, like marriage, business, and other institutions in good repute. We can no longer hail the

"Great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states . . .
. . . that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick."

It is immoral to praise war now, and we have no wish to do so. Only, looking back on history, we are compelled to say that war has no monopoly of evil, nor has peace a monopoly of good. As Mr. CHESTERTON cleverly points out, the ultra-pacific view of life is brilliantly summed up in the celebrated stanza of EDWARD LEAR:

"There was an old man who said, 'How
Shall I flee from this terrible cow?
I will sit on a stile
And continue to smile
Till I soften the heart of this cow.'"

SOCIALISTS ARE OFTEN EARNEST to a degree that wins respect, however little one may think of the reality of their beliefs. Their belief has at least the intensity of a religion. No letter of the present week has touched us more sympathetically than a long epistle from a Pennsylvania correspondent who thus introduces himself: "I am neither an eminent man of affairs nor an eminent man of letters, but simply a workingman who is after a cure for his industrial troubles, and after reading your editorial called 'Socialism and Democracy,' I am at a loss to know what cure to obtain. My disease is universal. I had hopes for socialism. Hoped that it furnished a cure." If the Government controlled all production and distribution, and the price of all commodities were based upon the actual time consumed in producing them, "if politics and money were eliminated," all, thinks our friend, would be well. There would be a cure for all the ills that poverty is heir to. It is not pleasant to argue against a man who has a Utopia and is happy in it. When we read this correspondent's incidental cure for the liquor habit, we are not tempted to laugh. Far from it, we wish that the nature of things held out more promise to our dreamer. "Drunkenness," he says, "is to be cured by the abundance and purity of liquor, whiskey being sold at about fifteen cents per gallon, no less sold to any man—well, my **SOCIALISM ONCE MORE** dream is over. I wake up to find myself asking, If socialism will be a nightmare what have you got that is better? We all agree that we don't want the present conditions." No minor changes interest him. No minor change will give a man "every dollar he earns," or prevent money from being the root of all evil. He ends up quietly, and then flies off into this postscript: "Some one told me you are owned body and soul by the Trusts. I don't expect you to print this because of its radical nature, but conservatism never built a steam engine." This communication is sad to us, with the sadness of all passionately desired parades. Ardent souls by thousands have believed that if the actual world could be enmeshed, and some toy system of their own given a trial, heaven would arrive, and the paradise would have no snake. It is socialists of this intense and irrational species who have made the word "socialism" in this country a symbol for insanity, instead of, as in some parts of Europe, a symbol for intelligent social progress, or what is elsewhere called liberalism. Any measure which undertakes to cure everything is on the face of it either an error or a fraud. The individual on whose views we are at present moralizing is not a fraud, but a very sincere believer in the contention that by a little change in the statutes everybody could be perfectly comfortable. Such a believer is beyond the reach of argument or history. May he live long and prosper.

DESPOTISM VS. ANARCHY IN COLORADO

After two months of comparative peace, the strike-troubled Colorado mining region has again been thrown into a state of war, by a dynamite outrage. Early in the morning of June 6 the platform of the railway station at Independence, in the Cripple Creek district, where a crowd of non-union miners were awaiting a train, was blown up by an ingeniously devised infernal machine, twelve men being killed outright and several others fatally injured. Later in the day C. C. Hamlin of the Mine Owners' Association, an organization of capital formed to fight the unions, was interrupted in an intemperate speech at an open-air meeting in Victor by a revolver shot. Indiscriminate firing followed; two men were killed and a number of others wounded. Two companies of the National Guard being called out were fired upon in the streets, presumably by union miners or their friends. They retaliated by besieging a miners' meeting, driving the crowd to the front of the hall, firing a volley into the mass, and then dragging the men off as prisoners. In another part of the district there was a man-hunt on the mountains with general gun-play and further casualties.

There followed the processes so dismally familiar to the Colorado mining regions; the declaration of martial law, the assumption of the powers of government by the Mine Owners' Association and the Citizens' Alliance, backed by the militia; the seizure of private property, the establishment of "bull pens" for the incarceration of suspects, the wholesale arrests of citizens without warrant, without charges, merely on suspicion; the censorship of the press, the removal of regularly constituted officials under threat, radical subversion of law, and in its place a complete and irresponsible tyranny; what Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, in a recent article in "McClure's Magazine," justly sums up as "a break-down of democracy and, through anarchy, a reversion to military despotism."

Two Kinds of Anarchy

Anarchy in its present aspect in Colorado is represented by two opposed elements. On the one side is the Western Federation of Miners, a socialistic body so much more radical in principle and practice than any other labor organization that it seems scarcely fair to class it with the labor unions. This Federation has sought to enforce its will by methods varying from intimidation to organized murder. On the other side is the Mine Owners' Association, formed for self-protection, and not only employing methods hardly less reprehensible than those of which the Federation has set the example, but also using its immense powers and financial resources to corrupt legislation. It has been called "the vicarious government of Colorado," and the phrase has not always been far from the truth. Sometimes the Citizens' Alliance, a sort of vigilance committee, has aided in the work of lawlessness by delegating its assumed powers to the Mine Owners' Association; at other times it has pursued its true vocation of protecting the common interests when legal processes have obviously failed.

Up to the spring of 1903 the Cripple Creek and Telluride districts, which are the storm centres of Colorado's labor difficulties, promised a solution of the mining troubles and an example to other communities of how labor and capital can get together. Through hard-fought strikes they had won to a basis of operations which bade fair to be permanent. But the Western Federation of Miners was not content to leave well enough alone. In the Cripple Creek district were a few non-union mines, running along quietly and peacefully enough. These mines the Federation determined to unionize, and undertook the task by indirect means. If the workers in the reduction mills and smelters could be brought into the organization, they would then refuse to handle the "scab" product from the non-union mines, which would thus be forced out of business. Attempts to unionize the smelter and mill plants failed. Thereupon the Western Federation of Miners forbade its members to work in any mine which shipped ore to the "unfair" smelters or mills. As a result the district was tied up, thousands of men who had been working at good wages, under satisfactory conditions, on a basis which they had won from their employers by a former strike, quit, and hard times began. In one mining camp the union men broke their contract by going out. In none of the camps, it appears, did a majority of the men wish to quit work; but they had no choice and no vote on the matter, for they had delegated their powers to their executive committee, headed by President Moyer and Secretary Haywood, and these men gave them their orders. Here we see the sympathetic strike at its worst. Is it strange that public sentiment was against the faith-breaking miners; that the mine operators were roused to a high pitch of wrath?

Then and there the Mine Owners' Association was formed. First of all, it proposed to open the shutdown mines with non-union labor. To do this it called upon the Governor for troops. But the Governor said the State had no money to pay the troops. "That will be all right," said the Association. "We'll advance



Militia escorting prisoners through the streets of Victor

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

the money." And they did. A strange spectacle this, of a State hiring out its militia to the feud of private interests; for it amounted to that. Their employment was not to preserve order, but, as General Sherman Bell, one of the commanding officers, put it, "to do up this anarchistic federation." The soldiers were working for their employer, and the wagepayer was not the State, but the Mine Owners' Association. As for the fact that there had been no disorder to warrant the calling out of the militia, the Governor passed that over. That there would be disorder following any attempt to open the mines without adequate military protection needed no proof other than recent history.

For instance, in the previous big strike an order was sent to Denver for 250 rifles and 50,000 rounds of ammunition, signed by the strike leader and written on the stationery of the Western Federation of Miners. I have never heard any claim that this armament was intended for hunting birds. It is, however, a fair guess that part of it may have figured in an attack shortly after on the Smuggler-Union mine. Some of the non-union miners who were working there against the orders of the Federation were shot. The entire body was captured, brutally maltreated, and run out of the county. This weapon of deportation, as the union men were to find out later, could be used by more than one party. The sheriff called for troops, and it was then that a certain State Senator, allied with the Federation, perpetrated this ingenuous telegraphic joke on the Governor: "No occasion for troops. Mine in peaceful possession of miners," he wired. He neglected to specify that the miners mentioned were the armed forces of the Federation who had driven out the owners. Later, Collins, the manager, was shot and killed through the window of his house. In another mine two of the officials were blown to pieces by a powder-trap set for them in the shaft. A barrel of dynamite was rolled down upon a building in which "scab" laborers were at work. Arson, explosions, and train-wrecking became the common weapons of the strikers. Assaults and mutilations upon independent workers were of daily occurrence throughout the district. As the Federation elected its own ticket, it was generally understood that attacks on non-unionists could be made with impunity. Sheriff Robertson of Teller County, who figures in the present outbreak, released a prisoner accused of several particularly flagrant assaults on "scabs" while the legal papers were in process of being made out because "the lawyers were too slow." Magistrates were taught to discriminate always against the "scab" and in favor of the union man. One such object lesson had as its victim Police Justice Hawkins, who, at a time when an unarmed non-unionist was in constant peril of his life, discharged several independent laborers who were accused by the Federation of carrying weapons. In open day on the principal street of the town Hawkins was attacked by Federation men, knocked down, kicked, beaten, and jumped on. Later he was informed that he "got off easy." By these and hundreds of other violent actions the Western Federation of Miners declared its intention of controlling the situation by whatever means were necessary to that end.

The Cost Falls on the Public

Is it to be wondered at that the Mine Owners' Association would not open its works with "scab" labor until military protection was afforded? So they got their soldiers, and through the summer the mines were operated under constant threats, violence breaking out now in one district, now in another. Always the National Guard was growing in numbers and expense; business in all departments throughout the State was suffering; the mines were running under heavy outlay; and the private citizen was paying the cost of the war. Early in December matters had reached such a pitch

that martial law was proclaimed in Cripple Creek; in the beginning of the new year Telluride was also declared in a state of insurrection. Military rule is seldom a benevolent despotism; but here it showed its worst aspect, first, because of the character of the officers in command; second, because the soldiery were not exercising their proper functions of maintaining the peace, but were openly and often illegally acting as the allies of one of the embroiled factions. Men were imprisoned, deported, threatened with death, even, it is claimed, tortured, merely on suspicion. The right of habeas corpus was suspended, striking miners were arrested for *lèse-majesté*—viz., speaking ill of the National Guard. The entire staff of the Victor "Record" were arrested and hustled off to the bull pen. To what extent this sort of thing imbibed the strikers may be imagined; and they had another and an older cause of complaint; as sound a one, perhaps, as any which the mine owners claimed against them.

One object of the Federation's former fight against the smelters and reduction mills had been to get an eight-hour work-day rule established. Failing this, they got the Legislature to pass a law limiting a day's work to eight hours. The law was declared unconstitutional by the

Colorado Supreme Court; not only unconstitutional, but "absurd," although the United States Supreme Court, which is not largely given over to absurdities, had upheld the same law in other States. The question of amending the constitution was put to the people and carried by more than 45,000 majority in a total population of 400,000. This amendment made the passage of an eight-hour day mandatory upon the Legislature. But lobbyists, loaded with the money of the mining interests, got at the Legislature of 1902-1903, and the will of the people was defied. That overwhelming majority of votes counted for less in the government of Colorado than the dollars of the lobbyists. The bill was never passed. This was anarchy by ballot; not as brutal as anarchy by bullet, but in the long run no less murderous. It was a dear victory for the mine owners. Through their lobby they had made their declaration to the Federation:

"You need hope for nothing from legal methods; we control the law-making."

Lawlessness on Both Sides

The retort was only too obvious; if the lawful process were to fail, the Federation would revert to the unlawful. Thus the situation now stands. In the matter of principle there is little to choose between the two sides; in the present status the owners seem to have all the best of it. They are in full control in all the troubled districts, and they are using their power ruthlessly, backed by the Citizens' Alliance and employing the National Guard as their instrument. They have, up to the present writing, imprisoned more than two hundred men; exiled as many more, and arranged to drive out still further hundreds of citizens and property owners; looted union stores (for, since they have seized the government, the acts which they permit must be credited to them), captured the books of the Federation, gutted the office of a reputable newspaper whose editorials displeased them, appointed their own officials in place of the elected officers whom they have compelled to resign, threatened to lynch those who have opposed them, and, in short, assumed wholly despotic powers. In one case they even closed down a mine which was peacefully conducting its business with union workmen "to prevent union men from contributing to the lawless strikers." It is their avowed purpose to purge the district of all union laborers. One large body of union men shipped across the border into Kansas and left without food or shelter on the prairie, under threat of death as the penalty for return, has been sent back by the authorities there. It is a fair guess that sooner or later all these exiles will return, and return to fight.

I have referred above to the unfortunate character of the men who are in charge of the National Guard. General Sherman Bell is the commanding officer. He was a Rough Rider under Roosevelt, who pronounced him the "greatest man of a game regiment." A brave soldier he certainly is, but a more dangerous military executive could hardly be found for the present situation. I have quoted him once as showing his point of view of a soldier's duties. Here is another quotation and a recent one:

"One deportation after another will be made until there is no one left who is persona non grata with the Alliance and Mine Owners."

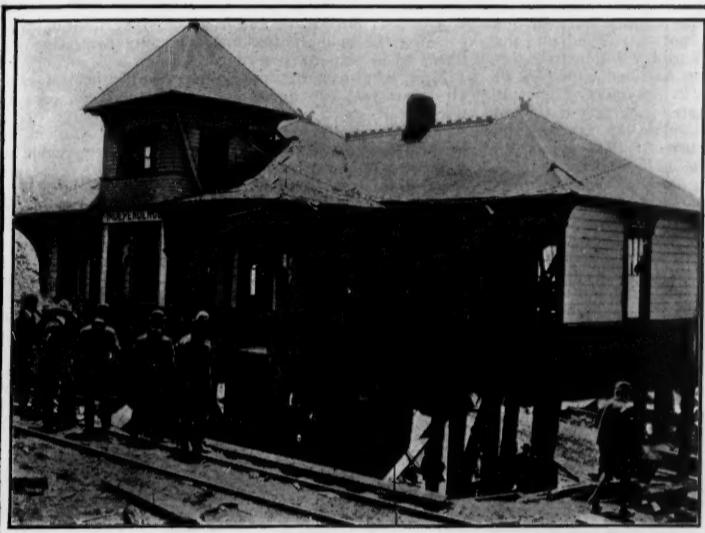
Two other officers who were hastily sent for when the trouble broke out are Colonel Verdeckberg and Major McClelland. A quotation from each will serve to place them.

Colonel Verdeckberg (in the former Cripple Creek strike, where he invaded the courts with his soldiers) — "We are under orders only from God and Governor Peabody."

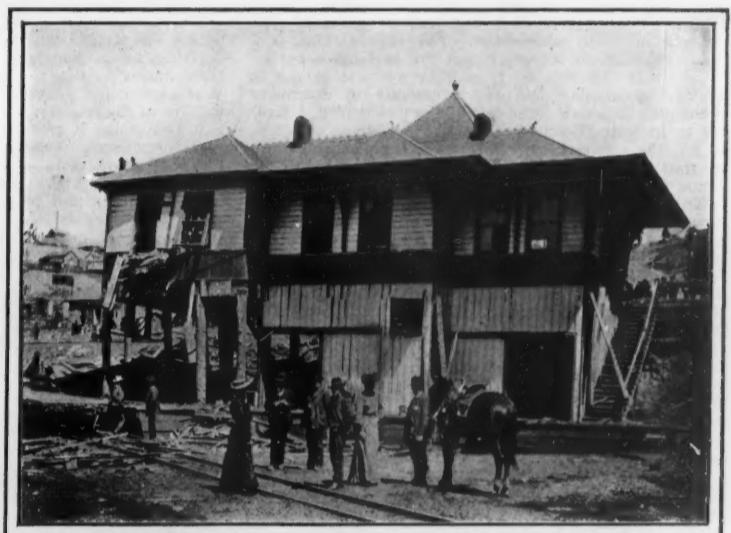
Major McClelland—"To hell with the Constitution; we are not following the Constitution."



MILITIA AND MEMBERS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN PURSUIT OF UNION MINERS



WRECKED PLATFORM WHERE FOURTEEN MEN WERE KILLED



REAR VIEW OF THE RAILROAD STATION AT INDEPENDENCE, COL.



AFTER A SKIRMISH BETWEEN MINERS AND MEMBERS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN THE HILLS OF THE CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT

CIVIL WAR IN COLORADO

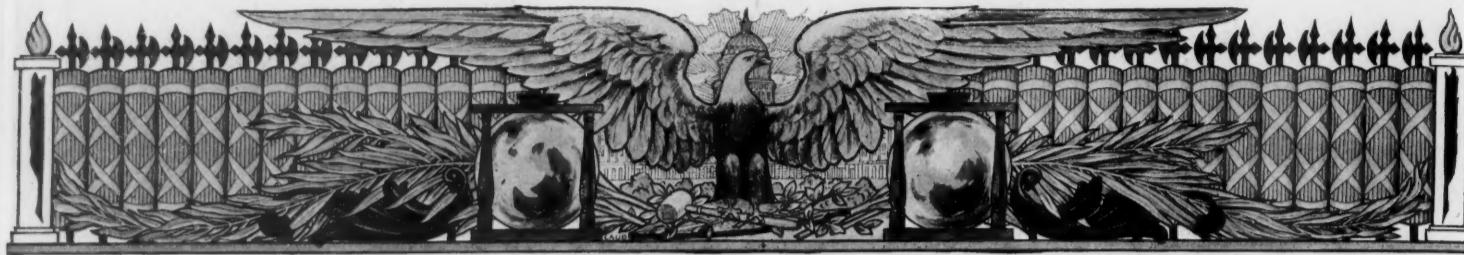
Early Monday morning, June 6, a dynamite bomb was exploded under the platform of the railroad station at Independence, Colorado, hurling fourteen non-union miners to a frightful death and seriously injuring six. The explosion was directed by a wire which reached to a distant building where the assassin crouched. The mine owners and prominent citizens at once held a meeting and organized a vigilance committee. While the Miners' Federation was first to disavow and deplore the dynamite plot, the event has aroused the greatest public indignation, and coming as it does on the threshold of a Presidential campaign, this Colorado affair is likely to be turned and twisted to subserve opposing interests.

The civil authorities are, of course, as thoroughly partisan as the military, since they have been put in office by the mine owners and the Alliance. One instance will show the methods employed in creating a desired vacancy. Sheriff Robertson, whose former malfeasance in office in aid of the Federation has been referred to, was summoned before a meeting of the Mine Owners' Association shortly after the dynamiting. He was placed before a table on which lay two hempen ropes, coiled and noosed, the insignia of the new government,

and told that he must resign. He refused. "We want your place," he was told. "We will take it either by resignation or otherwise," and one of the coils of rope fell at his feet. He broke down and resigned. Under similar pressure the County Judge, County Recorder, Assistant District Attorney, several aldermen, justices of the peace, and other officials have been forced out and sympathizers with the mine owners sworn in in their places.

Because more lives have been sacrificed and bitterer

reprisals exacted than in any former outbreak, the present trouble has been generally referred to as the culmination of Colorado's labor war. It is nothing of the sort. It is no more the culmination of the labor war than a pustule is the culmination of small-pox. It is merely a symptom of a deep-lying disease which permeates the whole body politic of the State, and which will not be eliminated until the citizens of Colorado rise and assert their rights over the two forces of lawlessness now battling for control.



THE DEMOCRATIC OUTLOOK

By CHARLES A. TOWNE

After graduating from the University of Michigan, Mr. Towne practiced law in Duluth, Minnesota, from which place he was sent to Congress, where he distinguished himself as an orator and a logical and persuasive debater. While there he became a champion of bimetallism, on the basis advocated by the late President McKinley prior to 1896. In 1900 he was appointed as a Democrat to the United States Senate to represent Minnesota for a short term. There he made a notable speech, expounding the contention of the Anti-Imperialists. He is a lawyer of recognized ability, a man of scholarly attainments, a keen student of governmental and constitutional history, and a natural leader of men

HERE is a general feeling that this political year is big with possibilities. Everywhere there is a tendency to recognize that the national issue between the Republican and Democratic parties is at least debatable. Without attempting to determine the degree to which Democratic hope is justified, I shall try to indicate the conditions upon which, as it seems to me, the reasonableness of such a hope depends, and to state the action necessary to be taken by the St. Louis Convention in order to realize those conditions.

No candid Democrat will claim that he can now sit down with a table of the States before him and readily point out the sources of the electoral votes essential to the choice of a Democratic President. It is perfectly clear that something like a political revolution must be produced in certain localities or very generally if such a result is to occur. Manifestly the vote cast for the Bryan and Stevenson electors in 1900, plus the ratable increase, will not suffice. The nominees at St. Louis, if they hope to win, must receive the votes of practically all Democrats, and must also secure the votes of a large number of Republicans. My conviction is that it is entirely possible for the Democratic Convention so to act as to ensure both these conditions.

First, then, as to uniting the Democrats. This can be done by naming a ticket and adopting a platform in harmony with recognized Democratic principles applied to important present issues as these are to-day presented in the industrial and political experience of the nation. It is the unspeakably good fortune of the Democratic party that the great general principles of its creed were declared coevally with the establishment of this Republic; that they are, indeed, the very principles upon which the Government itself was founded. These embody two fundamental conceptions, the one conditioning our conduct toward foreign nations, and the other regulating our domestic policy: First, that the consent of the governed is the basis of all just government, and that every nation is entitled to independence and self-regulation; secondly, that opportunity should be equal to all American citizens, the laws guaranteeing, and their enforcement effectuating, "equal rights to all, special privileges to none."

While these are pretty comprehensive generalizations, I think the literature contemporary with the earliest movement toward nationality in America, and the great body of essays and orations that subsequent commentators and public men have produced, will sustain the contention that they substantially embody what may be termed our original and peculiar American doctrine. The Declaration of Independence, which enunciates the first principle mentioned above, was written by the founder of the Democratic party, as was also the quoted formula that so succinctly and happily states the second principle. The mission of the party that sprang from the heart and brain of Thomas Jefferson is, and must always be, to keep both these propositions clear and distinct in the memory of the American people, and to see that they inspire and guide the enactment, the interpretation, and the execution of the laws. The temptations of power and the machinations of self-interest will inevitably, from time to time, cause those responsible for the conduct of the government to neglect and betray these just and necessary precepts of liberty; and it will then be the high duty and privilege of sincere patriots to unite in order to re-establish the sway of our original national purposes. Such a duty was consciously assumed by Abraham Lincoln and his associates more than a generation ago, and there is much ground for helpful political reflection in that clause of the first Republican national platform, adopted at Philadelphia in 1856, which called upon the American people "to restore the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson."

This, in my view, is exactly the political duty of this hour. The Republican party has not only repudiated the doctrines of its founders, but is to-day conducting this Government in flagrant violation of the "principles of Washington and Jefferson." It is not merely that the welfare of the country is endangered: the very nature of our institutions is menaced with subtle but fundamental transformation. We must return to first principles. Our obligation is to restore the old Americanism, so that in its name the Republic may achieve new victories of peace and progress as glorious as our past. "But," it may be objected, "Democrats will find no trouble in subscribing to these abstract propositions; it is when specific applications of them are attempted that dissension arises." Doubtless under ordinary circumstances this would be true; but, as conditions have framed the issues of the impending campaign, no serious difference, as it seems to me, ought to be found among men of sincere Democratic sympathies in making practical application of these ancient and honored formulas

situation is not small, and I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that little difficulty respecting it is likely to be experienced at St. Louis.

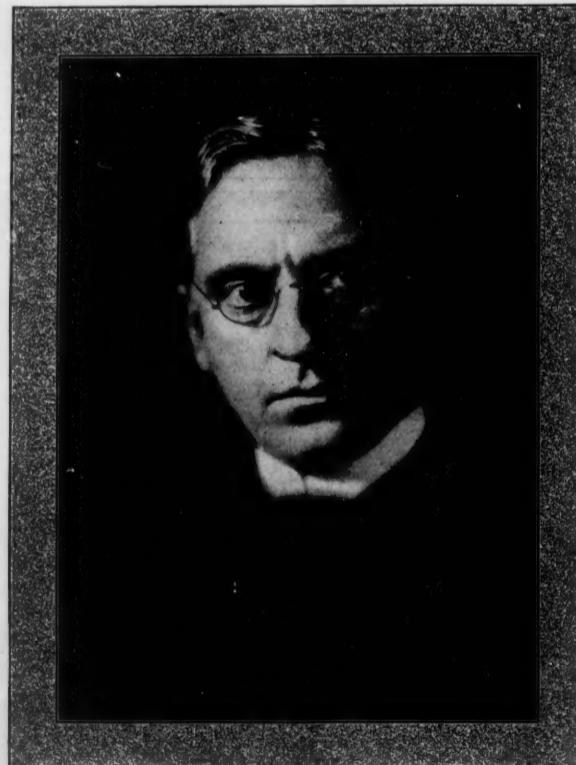
Now, what are the important present issues on which all Democrats can agree and as to which no practical doubt can exist as to the particular bearing of the general principles hereinbefore mentioned? Let it here be said, parenthetically, as explanatory of the palpable fact that the enumeration that follows is by no means exhaustive of the list of wrongs that ought to be righted, that political platforms ought to be shorter than they usually are. Debating societies exist to ascertain the truth. Political parties are formed to put it into operation. The former may be small and successful. The latter must hope for a majority. A few men even when right will often go too far for the majority to follow them at once. A platform, then, must never be extreme. It ought, of course, to head the right way, but it must not propose what it can not hope to establish. Likewise it ought to avoid unnecessary opposition by minimizing opportunities of difference. More men will agree on four or five things than on twenty. Definiteness also is a great gain, as in war, and a few strategic positions strongly held are better than many weakly defended. I should say that all Democrats should be able to agree on pronouncements that their representatives ought to be able to frame, as to the following subjects:

1. *Colonialism.* No American, with the Declaration of Independence ringing in his ears, can hesitate to support a strong and patriotic utterance against the proposition that this country, founded by men who rebelled against a colonial status and established a nation dedicated to the proposition of self-government and subject to a written constitution of specified objects and delegated powers, among which are no provisions for dependencies, can constitutionally or safely hold and arbitrarily govern distant and alien nations. The Philippine Islands should be treated substantially as we treated Cuba. It cost us \$300,000,000 to free Cuba. It has cost us \$300,000,000 to subjugate the Philippines, to say nothing of the thousands of brave lives sacrificed; and the process is not yet, nor likely soon to be, complete. The reaction on our government at home of an absolutism exercised by the officers of that government in a distant quarter of the globe, which is already apparent, must in time fundamentally alter the very spirit, if not indeed the form and character, of our institutions. All the analogies of history emphasize this danger as the gravest that republics can encounter. Colonialism is unjust to the colony, and ruinous to the mother country. We counsel justice to the Filipinos indeed, but chiefly because justice to them is safety to ourselves.

This course does not involve any sacrifice of national interest. It will, on the contrary, advantage our legitimate commerce. Any action taken can be accompanied by full and adequate guarantees as to all necessary naval and trading ports and commercial privileges; while so conspicuous an exhibition of magnanimity and justice would restore our moral prestige, and do more to further an honest diplomacy than the doubling of our complement of battleships.

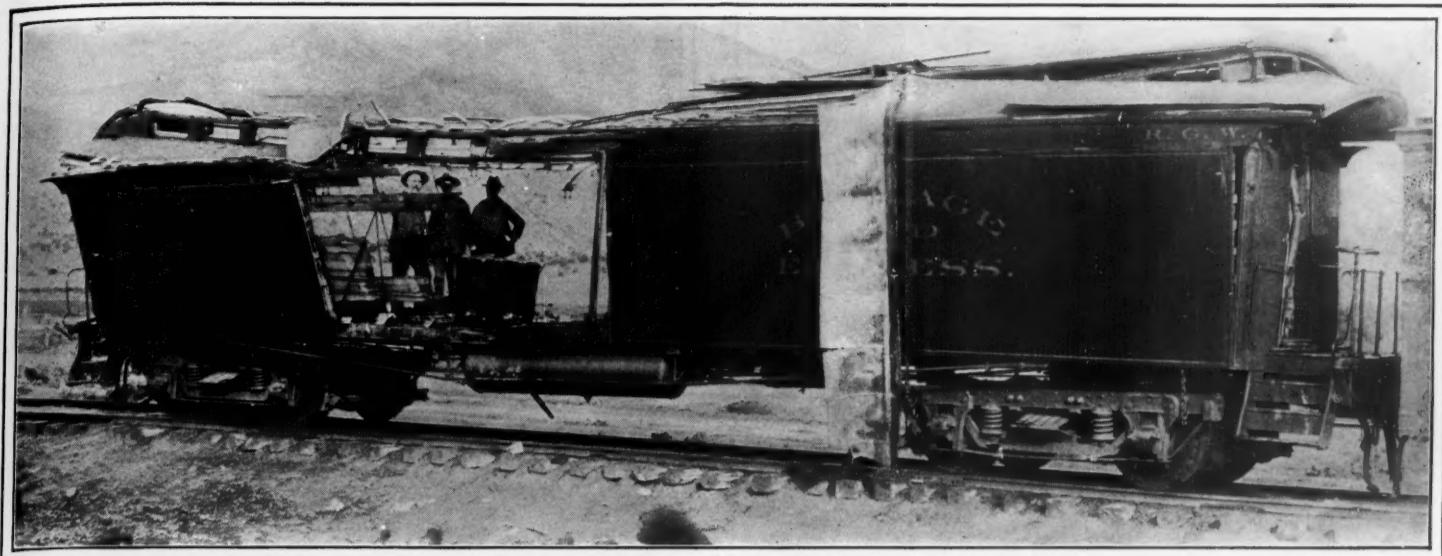
The Democratic party has added to our original boundaries seventy-two per cent of our contiguous continental area, and the Constitution has followed the flag over every foot of it. That party can never rest until once again our national ensign permanently floats over no people within our jurisdiction to whom the dear-bought rights of freedom of the press, trial by jury, and our other guarantees of liberty, are denied.

2. *Militarism.* Opposition to the growth of the military spirit, with its consequent burden of taxation and its temptation to aggression upon weak powers and to complications with strong ones, is a time-honored Democratic principle. (Continued on page 23.)



CHARLES A. TOWNE

of party faith. The question that chiefly divided the organization in 1896 and 1900 is not now an issue in the contest before us. The supply of metallic money has increased from natural sources to an extent practically equal to the expectations of those who wished to augment an insufficient monetary volume by returning to the bimetallic system. Since, therefore, that question is not involved in this campaign, why ought a previous difference about it cause any present inharmony among men of equally sincere Democratic persuasion and devoted with equal earnestness and honesty to the duty that now is? My knowledge as to this particular



TRAIN ROBBERY AT PALISADES, COLORADO

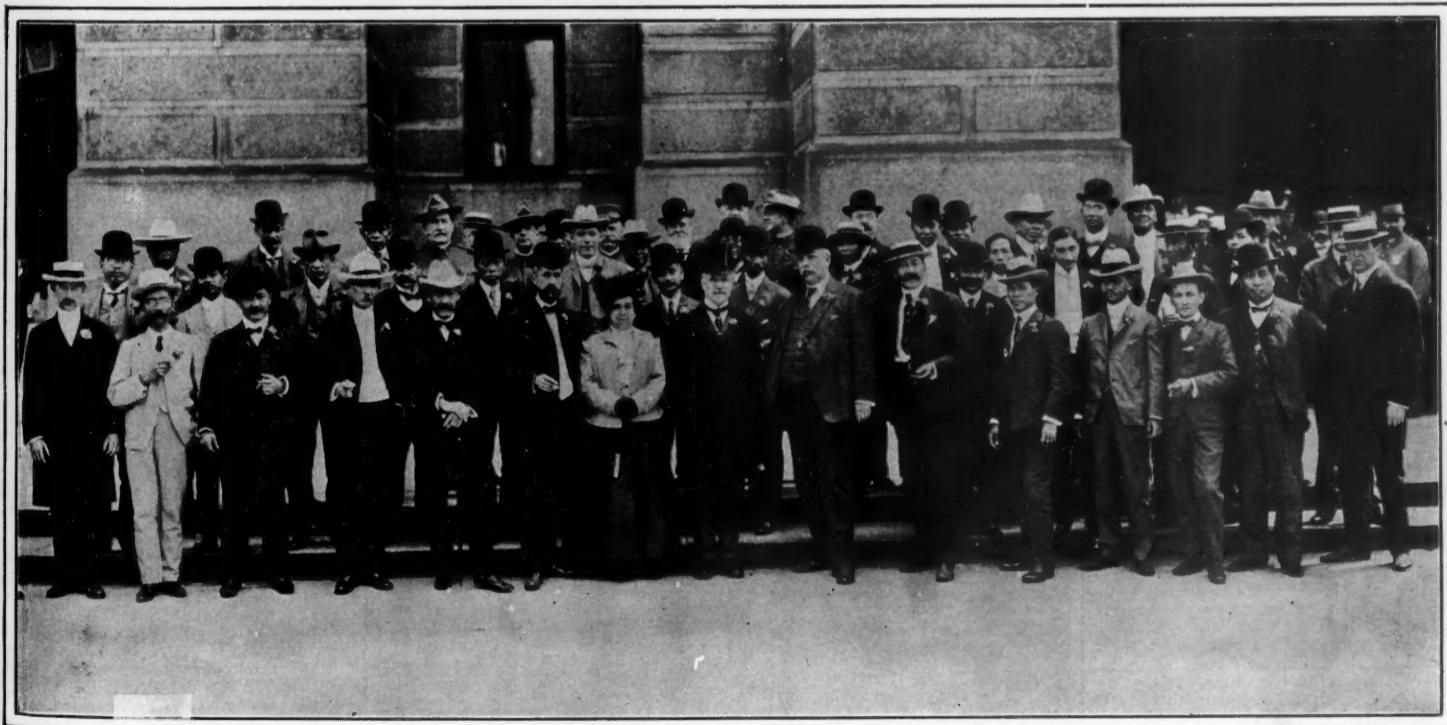
On the 8th of June the Denver and Rio Grande Express train, No. 5, was held up by two robbers at Palisades, Colorado. A brakeman was seriously wounded and the conductor's lantern was shot from his hand in the fight to save the train. The robbers forced the detachment of the engine and express car, moved them up the track some distance, and there blew open the safe



Opening of the new medical laboratories at the University of Pennsylvania, June 10



The President at the unveiling of the monument to Dr. Benjamin Rush, Washington, June 11



THE FILIPINO COMMISSION AT PHILADELPHIA

These young men were selected by the Philippines Commission in Manila to visit the United States. They have made a most favorable impression so far on all who have entertained them. They possess great dignity and courtesy of manner, and, for men who hold positions of such responsibility—eight of them are governors of provinces—are extremely youthful

ROBERT COLLINS, REUTER'S AGENCY

FREDERICK PALMER, COLLIER'S



Frederick Palmer, Collier's war correspondent, at lunch in the village of Suk Chun, surrounded by a crowd of curious Koreans

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James H. Hare, Collier's war photographer with General Kuroki's army, developing films in the field after the battle of the Yalu

PHOTOGRAPH BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN HISTORICAL DAY ON THE YALU

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent attached to the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria

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NOTE.—The following letter, giving an account of the first day's battle at the crossing of the Yalu River by the Japanese army, April 30, was delayed in transmission, reaching New York a week later than the story of the second day's battle, published in last week's COLLIER'S.

Wiju, May 1

HERE is first the work of seeing the battle, which is a strain on eyes, mind, and body; next of selecting from a thousand impressions the few that space will allow; next of writing; next of finding the censor; finally of sending a messenger to Ping Yang, where it is hoped the wires are not congested, as they are at the front, with official messages. By cable—by cable to a weekly paper—I have striven to press a faint idea of the last two days' operations into a few abbreviated sentences. Pen free and paper free, with fatigue fighting against duty, I may begin the story where I please.

So, taking one man's point of view, I will begin with the guns, which have been my friend and guide. Riding from Ping Yang to Wiju, I heard fifty miles away that a battle had already been fought. Like all rumors, the terror of it was that Truth must sometimes ride in Rumor's company. With road free of soldiers and thick with lines of straining coolies bearing supplies, twenty-thirty-miles I rode, and still the same report, with the smile and "I don't know" of the quartermasters, made scepticism grow into anxiety. Then I saw on a hillside artillery horses and nearby a battery; a mile further another battery; then two more, and how many more I shall not say. I no longer asked if there had been a general engagement, for there are not general engagements until the guns are up.

I had been at Wiju three days when they began to arrive. Every morning I looked out of my tent door to make sure they had gone no further. I saw the artillerymen starting out at dusk with their spades; I noticed spots on the hillsides where the earth had been freshly turned in preparation for an expected guest. Finally, day before yesterday morning, I saw that the guns and limbers had been swung into position ready for the teams, and that night I heard the rumble of their wheels as they took the roads which branch in every direction from the main highway. If this were not enough, there ran through the whole army the tremor which is unmistakable. This or that minor operation will cause a flutter of expectancy which a bare report and exaggeration may make portentous. When the hour of a great movement is at hand nothing can keep the secret which runs from man to man like some magical fluid. Before the guns began to move we had heard infantry fire at the right—that sacred right where no one except the officers and soldiers whose duty took them was allowed to go.

And by right I mean up the river from Wiju. While they were moving there came the intelligence, with the electric swiftness that conveys the shock of truth, that the Japanese had crossed. For this news, so far as we had known, we might have had to

wait for weeks, or we might have had to wait only for hours. The distance was not more than four miles, and the average citizen may ask why we did not ride to the spot and find out for ourselves. The correspondents are a part of this military organization in that they may go only where they are told. At four in the morning came the word from headquarters with the modest information that by going to a certain place we might see something of interest. The certain place gave one a view varying from one to ten miles.

On the way from camp no sign left any doubt in your mind that the great day had come. Where the guns had been on the more distant slopes were only a few transportation carts packed; where regiments had been encamped were only the ashes of camp-fire and sward that had been pressed by sleeping forms neighbor to that which the artillery horses had plowed with restive hoofs. Over another rise and you saw the lines of marching men moving steadily to the position where they were to be at call if wanted. A glance along any one of the roads which the army had built to lead up to its positions, told its story of a movement in force.

"There will be some artillery practice," said a Japanese officer politely, and he smiled the Japanese smile.

It was a knoll high among its fellows to which the correspondent was assigned. There he could see everything except the one thing he wanted to see. Where was it that the Japanese had crossed? The bluffs to the right hid the upper reaches of the river, and you looked to the west as you had before. You saw the town of Wiju once more under the morning mist, with the tower on the bluff that hid it from the Manchurian bank. Nearby the gunners of a battery lay in their

casemates bathing themselves in the first rays of the sun. Beyond were more shelving hills dipping to the river's edge, while the spreading stream made channels around low sandy islands. Those the Russians had held they had burned and evacuated yesterday. But the Japanese had not occupied them. Their line was still to be seen like a blue flounce to the line of willows that furnished them cover.

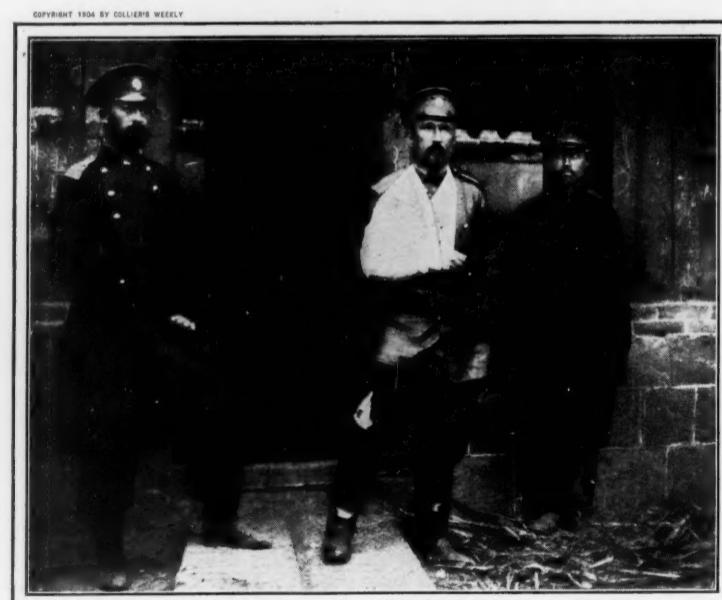
Only the creak of axles along the roads could be heard while we waited for the beginning of the great game. We saw orderlies going with the messages to the guns, and then we saw a flash from one of the bluffs, where a Japanese battery was concealed. Others followed, but you saw them not; you looked to see where the first shell struck. A wreath of blue smoke broke over some undergrowth where the Russians had a trench with the same flash as a sky-rocket, but with the difference that wickedly it spelled death instead of frolic, and a man resurrected from the age of crossbows would know instantly that it did. There is nothing in our every-day life comparable with shrapnel fire except lightning; it is the nearest thing to it that a human being can produce, and has the same awful theatricalism. As few men are killed by shell-fire, so few are killed by lightning. The soughing of the fragments of a shrapnel are those of the wind through a telegraph wire multiplied a thousand times and raised to a high key. It sometimes seems to a recruit like a file-tined fork scooping out his stomach and scraping the vertebrae of his backbone. Such are his feelings then that his legs will not lift him out of his trench, or if they will, they carry him to the rear.

I was thinking of these things when the Japanese guns turned their attention to what we called the

"conical" fort because of the shape of the rise on which this Russian battery was placed. From the first the conical fort had been saucy; from the first it got something like the worth of the money which brings guns and ammunition six thousand miles from Russia to the Yalu. These disturbers of the peace dropped shells into Wiju without an "After you, gentlemen," on a quiet routine afternoon, as the first signal of their presence. They informed the Japanese line on the lower islands what they might expect if they advanced. So far as we knew, there might be others where they came from. When they pleased they could shell the town, but the Japanese gunners remained in their casemates and let them. This was the day when the Japanese might pay off old scores with the unerring aim of days of calculation. A little tardily, but with good practice, as gunners call good killing, the conical fort came into action.

"We've been waiting for you—for you," the Japanese guns seemed to say, and they let go. They covered the position with shrapnel rings which hung still in the clear air, till so fast and thick was the fire in that circle that you saw only the flashes through the smoke. If the Russians would shoot they could not see. A rain of fragments overhead was not enough. The howitzers on the island to the

(Continued on page 29.)



Wounded Russian Officers Captured at the Battle of Chiu-Lien-Cheng, May 2

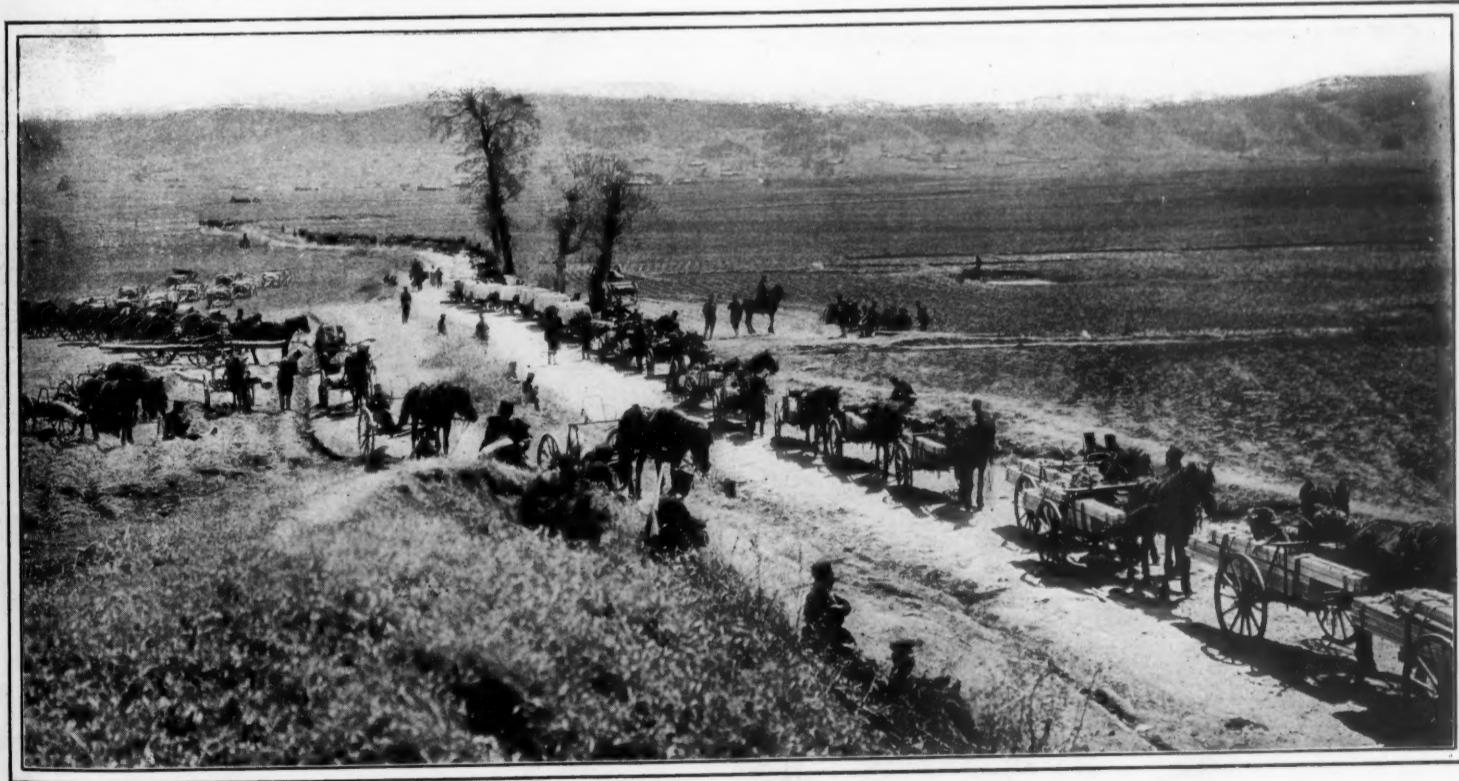
PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION



A PART OF THE GUARDS DIVISION CROSSING THE PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE YALU, MAY 1

FIELD HOSPITAL AT THE BATTLE OF CHIU-LIEN-CHENG.
THE SIGN READS: "DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED SECTION"

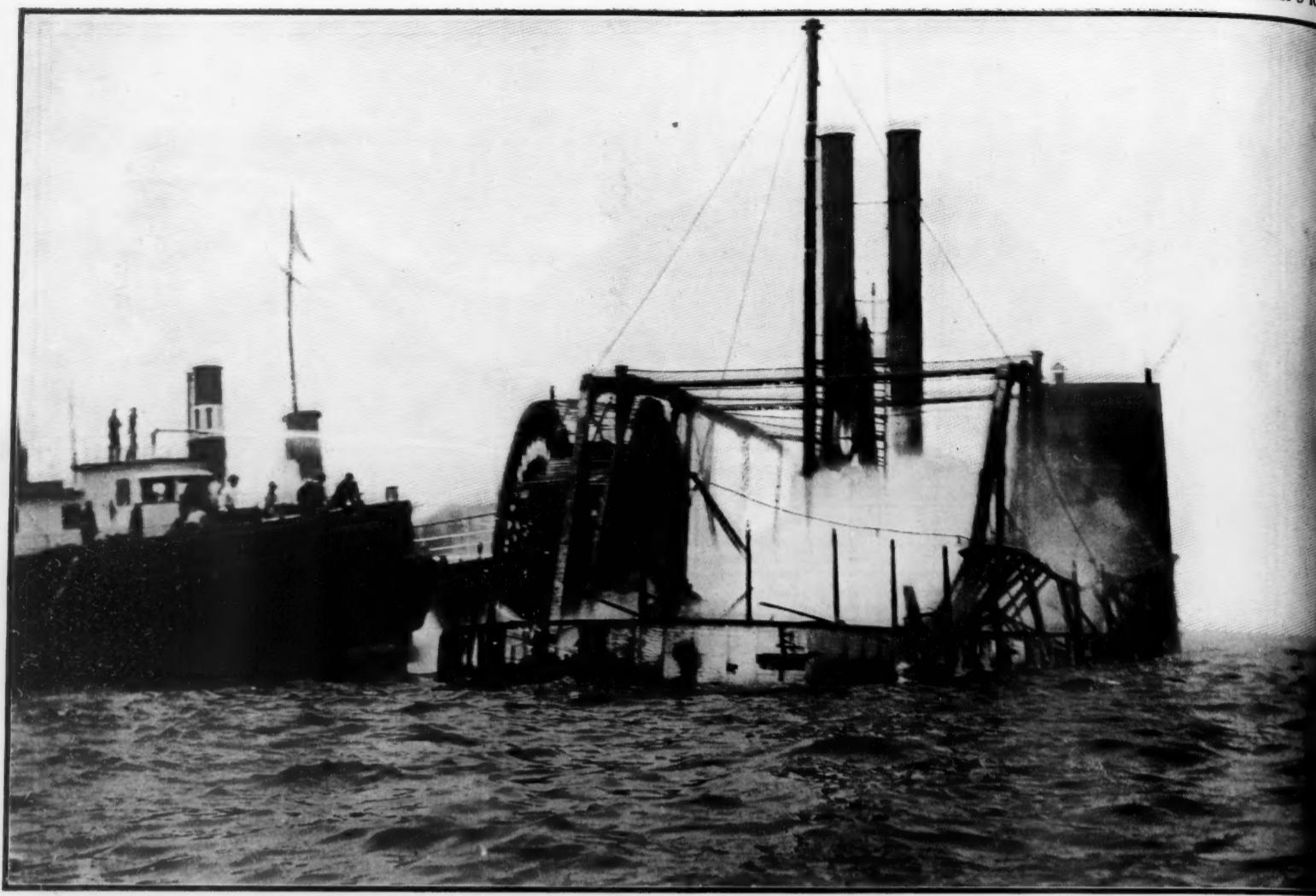
THE STAFF WATCHING THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE RUSSIAN POSITIONS FROM THE HEIGHTS ON THE KOREAN SIDE



THE PONTOON TRAIN COMING UP TOWARD THE YALU, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE CROSSING

THE CROSSING OF THE YALU RIVER BY THE JAPANESE UNDER GENERAL KUROKI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



THE SUNKEN HULK, PHOTOGRAPHED LATE IN THE AFTERNOON



SURVIVORS OF THE DISASTER CARED FOR ON NORTH BROTHER ISLAND

BURNING OF THE EXCURSION STEAMBOAT "GEN'L SLOCUM," IN THE EAST



BODIES OF THE VICTIMS WASHED ASHORE ON NORTH BROTHER ISLAND



BODIES OF THE DEAD—THE BARRELS HAD BEEN USED IN ATTEMPTS AT RESUSCITATION

THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, JUNE 15, WITH A LOSS OF OVER 900 PEOPLE



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

Prefatory Wall

NO BOOK," says Ruskin, "is worth anything which is not worth much." Sometimes I agree with that, and would read only the sayings of the great, and anon I console myself with some such reflection as that of Holmes: "The fooliest book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow."

This month I have read one remarkable treatise, but it would be tempting fate to write about it. I dislike reviewing, because on literary topics the public interest and my own are much further apart than they are on politics, economics, moralizing, and things in general; and what is the sense in talking to a person who is not listening? The trouble with writing to a large public about literature is that it is almost necessary to talk about the subject, instead of the way the subject is handled, which makes it literature. The small public has all the criticism it needs, so what is the use of writing criticism at all?

A story in Mrs. Wharton's wittiest vein, "The Descent of Man," gives its name to one of the spring's crop of new volumes. The successful publisher thus addresses the scholar who thought he had written a burlesque of the large and flourishing crop of pseudoscientific works of which the principal object is to make the reader feel as if he had partaken of a warm and nourishing breakfast food: "This book is just on the line of popular interest. You've got hold of a big thing. It's full of hope and enthusiasm; it's written in the religious key. There are passages in it that would go splendidly in a Birthday Book."

I haven't yet read "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," but I have read dozens of less known volumes which give point to Mrs. Wharton's satire, from the lamented John Fiske down to an unknown scientific optimist whose book has all faded from my memory save the bit of verse,

"Your psychic transports soar above
Into the vast supernal ocean."

The Professor is taken seriously, and praised by the reviewers "for sounding with no uncertain note that note of ringing optimism, of faith in man's destiny, and the supremacy of good, which has too long been silenced by the whining chorus of a decadent nihilism." Mrs. Wharton does not name the paper in which this review appeared, but I have reason to believe it was either the New York "Times's" Saturday Review, or "The Woman's Home Companion." The Professor's success aroused the suspicion that he wrote the "What Cheer Column" in a distinguished contemporary, and led to a request that he write a series of "Scientific Sermons" for the Round-the-Gas-Log column of another periodical.

The result of this was that the Professor, who had been known only to other men of science, now learned the glory of writing for the many. He "found himself the man of the hour." He soon grew used to the functions of the office, and gave out hundred-dollar interviews on every subject, from labor strikes to Babism, with a frequency which reacted agreeably on the domestic exchequer. Presently his head began to appear in the advertising pages of the magazines. Admiring readers learned the name of the only breakfast food in use at his table, of the ink with which 'The Vital Thing' had been written, the soap with which the author's hands were washed, and the tissue-builder which fortified him for further effort."

Having passed on to Mrs. Wharton the odium of saying what, this morning, I feel like having said, I conclude this preliminary complaint with a question for which the responsibility rests on Thackeray—

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

does the world, namely, "never crowd to hear a donkey braying from a pulpit, nor never buy the tenth edition of a fool's book?"

Fancies of a Philosopher

IS NOT the advisable thing to read the newspapers and talk about them, or to read choice books and not talk about them, ignoring what comes between? On that principle, however, I might have missed Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, which, although not one of the great biographies, is fertile in thought and suggestive. On this subject of which we have been speaking, the amount and kind of reading, Spencer is, as usual, when he speaks of art or life, uninspired, but precise: "About others' requirements I can not of course speak; but my own requirement is—little poetry and of the best. Even the true poets are far too productive. If they would write only one-fourth of the amount, the world would be a gainer. As for the versifiers and the minor poets, they do little more than help to drown good literature in a flood of bad. There is something utterly wearisome in this continual working-up afresh the old materials into slightly different forms—talking continually of skies and stars, of seas and streams, of trees and flowers, sunset and sunrise, the blowing of breezes and the singing of birds,

etc.—now describing these familiar things themselves, and now using them in metaphors that are worn threadbare."

Spencer's confidence in his judgment on every subject is a marvel. He wonders, as other philosophers have wondered, at the world's scepticism when a man tries to judge and arrange human life by applying to it the methods and the jargon of science. He thinks it is stupid of the world not to bother with his polysyllabic generalizations. Yet how simple an affair is art, compared to ethics, politics, and the many desires and passions of our existence; and if the confident man of science seems foolish when he talks art, why should we listen when he discusses that life of which art is but the faintest shadow? Spencer is enthusiastic over the beauty of the Crystal Palace. He objects to the conformation of the Alps. He is exact in his explanations of the technical as well as the intellectual shortcomings of the greatest artists, from the Greek sculptors to Michelangelo, from Raphael to Turner. He knows exactly where opera should be song and where it should be speech, and therefore much prefers Meyerbeer dramatically to Wagner. Pyne was a far greater painter than Turner. Sitting in the orchestra, he identifies his impressions of acting and drama with some incontrovertible difference between excellence and depravity.

"On the acting of serious drama I am critical, and easily repelled by defects, of which there are usually many. But being then, as now, ever ready to laugh, comedies and farces, if tolerable, habitually proved attractive. Provided they were not characterized by mere buffoonery, I was content to ignore their faults, numerous though these might be. Still, I was less easily pleased than the majority. Often I was made melancholy on witnessing the applause given by well-dressed audiences to 'break-down' dances which aimed at drollery and missed it, and to so-called comic songs containing neither wit nor humor."

A book by a famous philosopher, enabling us to judge the importance of his views on a subject so comparatively petty as the drama, may well increase our amusement and scepticism at the claims of scientific men to lay down general rules for life. When religion was dominant more was claimed for it than it could do. Since science has become dominant more is claimed for it than it can do. Darwin never confused what he knew with what he did not. His thought in every detail was genuine. Spencer's is often pseudo-scientific. His autobiography shows throughout his ignorance of the limits of his understanding, whether he is talking of civilization, love, or art. It is an interesting book, nevertheless, for the hero, if not altogether attractive, is always vividly concerned about some matter of importance, and the reader's mind receives an admirable shaking up.

Anecdotes and a Moral

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, in 1882, returning to America by the ship on which Herbert Spencer was a passenger, brought a letter of introduction, and afterward told Spencer how greatly astonished he was during the first meal on board to hear the philosopher object: "Waiter, I did not ask for Cheshire; I asked for Cheddar." To think that a philosopher should be so fastidious about his cheese! A Frenchman was amazed to find him addicted to an ordinary amusement like billiards. Spencer was surprised all his life that people form untrue and frequently absurd conceptions of those who write books, expecting to find them different from average persons in conspicuous ways. In Spencer's opinion, it is a rule that no man is equal to his book. All the "best products of his mental activity," to follow the vocabulary of this remarkably

A Boy and a Girl

By Maurice Smiley

Isaw them one day in the sunshine,
Out there where the clover blows:—
A wee little tiny towheaded girl
And a boy with a freckled nose;
With an old straw hat without any brim
And galuses holding his clothes;
A wee little girl with a pigtail braid
And a boy with two stubbed toes.

Isaw them one eve in the twilight,
Down there where the river flows;
The pigtail braid is a big braid now—
How a lad or a lassie grows!—
The old straw hat is a new hat now
And never a freckle shows
On the face of a youth who, bending his head,
Gives a fair-haired maiden a rose.

Isaw them again in the sunshine,
And whatever do you suppose?
Between and about them there romped
And ran and clung to their clothes.
A wee little tiny towheaded girl
And a boy with two stubbed toes;
A wee little girl with a pigtail braid
And a boy with a freckled nose.

CHARLES A. WINTER

unliterary scientific style, he puts into his book, where they are separated from the mass of "inferior products" with which they are mingled in his daily talk. The usual supposition is that the unselected thoughts will be as good as the selected thoughts. It would be about as reasonable, Spencer observes, to suppose that the fermented wort of the distiller will be found of like quality with the spirit distilled from it.

Nor is it only in respect of "intellectual manifestations" that too much is expected from authors. "There are also looked for, especially from authors of philosophical books, traits of character greatly transcending ordinary ones. The common anticipation is that they are likely to display contempt for things which please the majority of people."

Personally, I think that the "common anticipation" is right. Authors do talk better as a rule than average men; so do painters, and all generally whose life work it is to perfect and give expression to ideas. Spencer doubtless talked badly as he writes badly, but he does not illustrate the rule for great writers, although he may for great men of science. The best talkers I have known, on the whole, have been people of literary and artistic pursuits. Henry James holds the same view as Spencer, and has expounded it in the

striking allegory called "The Private Life." It is frequently asserted that such and such an interesting artist is not an interesting man, but how can a man put into his art anything that is not in himself? He may not have the gift or the wish for quick and superficial intercourse, but those who know him have themselves to blame if they do not find in him the qualities which they admire in his work. This truth explains why intellectual snobbery is a grade better than social snobbery. A servile respect for station of any sort, whether it be caused by money, birth, or talent, is mean enough, but those who fall down and worship talent have at least the advantage over the social worshipers that they are more likely to be worshiping their superiors. Instead of a man putting his best into his book, he usually puts there his by-product, his overflow, a sample of himself; and the real relation between art and the material of which it is composed has been more truly stated by Robert Louis Stevenson, in a reply to Henry James, than by James or by Herbert Spencer. Spencer, by the way, speaks of the frequency with which notoriety is acquired by sayings which would, if uttered by a person of no authority, be inevitably considered incredibly stupid; as, that genius "means transcendent capacity of taking trouble first of

all;" and Spencer says, reasonably enough, that genius might be more rightly defined quite oppositely, as an ability to do with little trouble that which can not be done by the ordinary man with any amount of trouble. In other words, his talent is an easy overflow of what is in him. This applies, of course, to real artists only, and not to those who merely assume the practice of an art to which they can contribute nothing. It applies, also, to creation, rather than to the execution of what is created by others; to composers rather than to pianists, to dramatists rather than to actors.

The Poetry of Defiance

WHEN we read Emerson, the feeling raised in us, some one has said, is like that produced by distant thunder. Kipling, we might add, is a less noble noise heard much nearer. Henley says many things that Emerson has said, and sometimes, as in the poem now going the rounds, "I am the captain of my soul," says them with poetry, although not with greatness. Read Henley, or our own Ironquill's verses about being "unafraid," or Browning's latest "breast-forward" envoy, or any of the poetry of the precisely strenuous current brand, (Continued on page 27.)



Illustrations by B. Cory Kilvert

FIVE LITTLE MEN

By W. A. FRASER

Aleck, Teddy, Cyril, Jimmie, and Stewart are five young Americans who live in the small town of Tona, and devote their entire attention to looking for trouble—in the quest of which they are peculiarly successful. The present tale concerns an afternoon's practice in marksmanship, in which the selection of a target was unfortunate. There are six stories in the series. The first was published in the June Household Number. The others will appear in successive Household Numbers under the following titles: "Tige, a Story with Atmosphere," "Patent Fog Signals," "The Awakening of Rastus," and "A Gaudy Combat."

II.—A SHATTERED APOSTLE

TONA was strong in the Christian spirit. Religion meant to the village practically the Presbyterian faith. High-reaching, broad of base, sombre in its gray-stone structure, stood the kirk; its tapering spire topped, by many yards, the shafts that indicated worship places of other sects.

Its pastor had come out of the West, and the many-leagued prairies had thrown the glamour of their breadth across his spirit, until in him was not any narrowness. That was why the inception of the Boys' Brigade was made possible. It was all Minister Maclean's doing; and it was really a great pity that this harmless incursion into the field of war should have brought disaster to the Church—but it did, and the agents of retribution were the five little men of the parish.

The pastor had looked with sorrowing eyes upon the proneness of the village youths to gravitate toward the "corners of sin," as he mentally cognomened the place of hotels. "Boys are boys," the minister said to the elders; "and if we can give them something to occupy their minds, something in which they will take a pride, we'll keep them from the influence that is forever stretching out from the places of evil."

So the Boys' Brigade was formed, and they were given guns. These were rather make-believe weapons, incapable of being fired, but quite sufficient for drill. But the military spirit eventuated; the Anglo-Saxon has it bred in the bone to kill something, and on Saturday Teddy Rivers materialized before his four companions with an air-gun.

If Santa Claus had scooted down to earth on a summer sunbeam, and landed at their very feet, he would not have made a more profound impression than did Mister "Stubs" Rivers with his shiny-barreled implement of untold delight.

"Where'd you get it, Teddy?" gasped Aleck.

"Is it Jack Woolley's?" queried Cyril; "he told me his father was goin' to give him one."

"Nope!" answered Teddy curtly; "my dad bought this one, 'cause he said every Canadian ought to shoot same's the Boers. I shot Si Dorkin's goat this mornin'—first shot. Gee! didn't he skin. Bet you he run clean to Smith's Corners."

"Did you, Teddy?"

"Hope I may die if I didn't. An' I pretty near shot a blackbird; an' I just missed Smith's spotted dog—bet you I did hit him, 'cause he looked scart, an' whirled 'round two or three times—dogs always do that when you shoot 'em."

"He's awful cross—bit a little girl onct; did he ki-yi, Stubs—same's when you hit him with a stone?" asked Aleck.

"He sort er barked, an' whined—bet you I did hit him."

"Let's see the gun, Teddy," pleaded Tootie—he was always Teddy to the others when they were after something, for boys are great diplomats. When they rowed, it was generally "Stop that, Ted!" or "I'll kick you in the shin, Rivers."

"Ain't it a peach?" said Tootie rapturously, caressing the gun. "Bet you I could shoot a Boer—bet you I could kill a sparrer with it."

"Jiminey!" exclaimed Aleck, "let me try it to shoot a sparrer—will you, Teddy? If you do, I'll—I'll—go snucks with you when old McGregor pays me five cents for a dog ball I found for him."

"I bar first shot," yelled Cyril.

That was a bad break, and Teddy frowned. "I bar" was a form of expression equivalent to "I claim." The etymology of the word was somewhat obscure, but with the boys it had an unequivocal meaning.

"G'on!" rebuked Aleck in depreciation to Teddy's frown; "taint likely Rivers's goin' to give first shot to one of us fellers, an' shot his head of Teddy."

"I didn't mean first shot 's head of Teddy," explained the claimant. "Bet you Teddy could hit a sparrer. Bet you Jim Smith's 'Spot' got a sting when Teddy hit him."

The gun-owner's face cleared; Cyril's mollifying words had their effect.

"There's thousands of sparrers 'hind the church in the maples," chipped in Jimmie; "they've got bushels of nests up under the roof. An' dad said he wisht somebody'd shoot 'em, too, 'cause he can't hear himself preach."

"Let's go an' shoot 'em, will you, Teddy?" coaxed Aleck. "The men'll be glad if we kill 'em. Jack Woolley says you can get five cents apiece for 'em

down to the hotel—they make awful good pigeon pie."

"I was goin' to go rabbit shootin'," remarked Ted grandiloquently; "rabbits's bully eatin'. Jack Woolley shot an awful fat one down to Thompson's woods."

"But you've got to have er dog," objected Aleck; "the dog runs 'em up a tree, then you shoot 'em."

Brownie rolled his pudgy little body on the ground in ecstasy, his moon eyes fairly watered in hilarity at this bit of natural history.

"What you laughin' at, you darned little fool?" asked Aleck crossly.

"The blame rabbits can't climb a tree; they hop, that's all they do, an' go in holes."

"No they don't either, Mister Brownie; if they went in holes you couldn't shoot 'em."

"Is Blitz a good rabbit dog, Aleck?" asked Ted.

"He's only good fer cats. Let's go and shoot the sparrers, Teddy, an' p'raps we'll get a dog to-morrow—golly! I forgot, to-morrow's Sunday."

"I don't believe it's a good day fer rabbits anyhow," remarked Stubs; "sort of cloudy day's best fer rabbits, 'cause they can't see their shadow."

"Wilson's got pigeons," declared Tootie. "Bet you we could shoot some of 'em in our yard. I near hit one with a bottle. I threw out some crumbs an' crawled up close to 'em behind the woodshed, same's Jack Woolley says they shoot bears; but the blame rooster up Wilson's house as I was goin' to throw, an' they flew up on Wilson's house."

"Come on, fellers," commanded Stubs, settling the question; "guess I'll try first on the sparrers."

Very bravely the little army marched down through the side street, a military swing to their walk, and with rare discipline, keeping behind the Captain by right of his gun. Tramp, tramp, tramp; right-turn over the grass plot that surrounded the church, circling its gray abrupt wall, and on to the far side, where were two large maples quivering with the busy squeak and flutter of many rowing, scolding, little drab birds.

They were in the forest—the jungle, the haunts of big game, that was the atmosphere of the stalk,

Stealthily the huntsman advanced, tiptoeing in crouched attitude over the soft grass; behind, the four henchmen followed silently. Aleck had his fingers on his lips, enjoining silence, his keen eye searching the branches of the maple. Presently he put his hand on Teddy's arm, and, pointing, whispered: "There's a whopper."

On a twig a sparrow ruffled out his feathers, a veritable pin-cushion, and Stubs, raising his gun, took a variety of aims; but before the marksman could make up his mind the bird fluttered away and dived down into the dusty road to pick a row with an old enemy that was squeaking defiance to all sparrows of fighting blood to come and have it out.

They stalked seven more. At the eighth bird Teddy pulled the trigger. "Click!" went the gun, but the sparrow dodged away through the summer air as cheerfully as though five men of blood were not after his life.

"Give me a shot, Teddy," pleaded Aleck. "I'll give you a cent soon's I've found a golf ball."

The finding of golf balls was a source of revenue to the boys.

"Honest Injun I will, Stubs—cross-my-heart if I won't."

"Soon's I've killed a sparrow, Aleck. The blame things jiggle about to-day. Guess somebody's been shinin' stones at 'em. I hit that last one—I saw his feathers fly." Teddy clicked away with the air-gun, but to no purpose; the game-bag was as empty as though they were trusting to stones in the hunt.

"P'raps 'tain't a good gun," hazarded Jimmie, feeling that his friend's reputation as a marksman was at stake.

The birds were getting pretty well thinned out—by flight. As Teddy shot again, Cyril exclaimed: "Golly! what was that? Thought I heard somethin' clink."

"Guess he hit the church," hazarded Aleck.

"I'm goin' to see," cried Cyril. "Oh, fellers!" he called back from the church, gleefully, "come an' see, fellers—there's a weenie hole in the window."

The others ran over to share in Cyril's find.

A big memorial window of stained glass fronted them. Across the church, on the other side, the windows were open, and the sunlight streaming in illuminated the blue and gold and crimson of the glass, vivifying the painted group that was the two apostles, Peter and John, making whole the man's lameness as he begged at the gate Beautiful of the temple.

"See the weenie hole!" cried Brownie joyfully, pointing to a puncture through the cheek of the lame one that had not been there before the destruction of the sparrows began.

"Blamed if there ain't another one!" exclaimed Aleck, indicating Peter's shoulder. "Say, fellers, ain't that slick? Didn't break it at all—jus' like a little air-hole in a hat."

"Don't believe the gun made them holes, Ted," objected Tootie; "'Ole Trouble' 's bored 'em to let the wind in."

"I heard it clink," declared Cyril. "That's a jim-dandy gun, Ted. Let me try a shot, see if it'll do it again."

"No he won't neither," objected Aleck; "Teddy'll try it, an' I bar next shot."

"Bet you the gun didn't do it," said Tootie; "bet you a cent."

"Try it, Stubs," pleaded Aleck. "Shoot at the old duffer with the blue coat. There ain't no hole there."

Peter would have been scandalized, and no doubt deeply hurt, if he could have heard himself alluded to as "the old duffer with the blue coat"; besides, to have the young rascals shooting at him with an air-gun!

"He ain't a duffer," admonished Jimmie, the minister's son; "he's a 'Postle. I heard dad tellin' a man that was to our house 'bout the window."

"Here, I'll make a mark," said Aleck, drawing his heel along the grass twenty feet from the church; "that's a good long shot."

The marksman fired.

"Golly! you hit, Ted; I heard it clink," piped Cyril. But as they examined the target, there was no puncture in the blue.

"Now, then," screamed Tootie; "didn't I say so? Bet you it won't shoot through that thick glass."

"Here it is—I've found it!" yelled Cyril, holding a stubby dirty finger toward the lower left-hand corner of the mosaic of many colors.

Sure enough the gunner had missed Peter, but had clipped the toe from the already maimed foot of the beggar.

"That don't count," objected Tootie; "Stubs shot at the 'Postle."

"No, I never!" declared Stubs. "The shiny blue sort of squished my eyes, an' I aimed at the other feller."

A moderate excitement was beginning to work up which gave great promise of a deeper interest. The boys' eyes glistened with a desire of rivalry. Surely there had never been such a target for any marksman; figures of men picked out in various colors to shoot at, and then the weenie holes, a matter of curious delight. In colored glass, the sacredness of the holy men vanished; the irreverence of the boys' act was altogether subdued by the all-powerful newness of the sport.

"Yes, it does count, Tootie," said Aleck, "that's an outer."

"G'on, Graham," growled Stewart; "what d' you know 'bout shootin'?"

"Ain't I been down to the range—didn't I near get shot the time Bill Frost shot 'fore he was ready?"

This was conclusive. The well-known incident, now that the others were reminded of it, at once placed Aleck in the position of Master of Ceremonies, or Sergeant of Musketry, or whatever else it might be called.

"How do the men shoot at the target, Aleck?" asked Stubs deferentially.

"They've a bull's-eye—I'll show you—say, fellers, let's play we're the men shootin' for the prize your daddy won, Brownie."

A clamor of exultation went up from the men of military instinct.

"I forget some 'bout it," continued Aleck, "but 'tend that's the bull's-eye," and he indicated the gentle eye of Peter the Apostle. "An' his head's an inner—"

"What's an inner, Aleck?" queried Brownie.

"Oh, it's next the bull's-eye, and counts ten—"

"Same's marks in school, is it, Aleck?" asked Jimmie.

Graham ignored this irrelevant question and continued the course of instruction.

"An' we'll make that hoop 'round the 'Postle's head an outer."

"That's a rainbow," volunteered Cyril.

"Rainbow, nothin'!" snarled Aleck.

"I know what it is," Jimmie vociferated; "it's a 'hello,' cause Bella asked dad, an' he said it was."

in the order of the shoot. Aleck won first position. As he was about to raise the gun, Cyril startled them with a dreadful thought. "Say, fellers," he whispered, "I believe I heard a noise in the church—sure's anythin' I did. Wonder if 'Ole Trouble' 's come."

This reference was to old Daddy Leach, the caretaker, popularly known of all juveniles as "Trouble."

"Run to the door, Tootie, an' see if some one's there," commanded Aleck.

"Tain't nothin', fellers—guess 't must 'a been a mouse," said Tootie, when he returned from his reconnoitring. "But I found a jim-dandy place to keep score; the door's all shiny an' smooth, an' I made a mark with the nail plain's anythin'."

Aleck drew a careful bead on the eye of Peter, but broke the crutch of the lame man.

"That's a 'goose egg,'" shouted Cyril.

"No 'tain't neither, smartie," argued Aleck; "didn't I hit, an' don't that count somethin'? It counts one, that's what it does."

"I'll score," volunteered Tootie, running to the door, where he had scratched a big scrawly "A" and a much awry figure "I" in the crisp varnish of the oak-grained panel.

"Guess the gun shoots low," remarked Aleck, in vindication of his shooting.

Cyril, number two, shot a bystander, a fourth figure standing quite apart from John and Peter in the group.

"Glad I didn't hit the poor old lame man," he remarked; "an' I shot 'fore I was ready—the trigger went off sort of itself."

Another scratch was recorded on the vestry door.

As Tootie fired there was a jingle of glass, and quite an aperture was opened up, carrying away a part of John in red and clipping a slice of blue from Peter. His bullet had struck a metal seam, and thus made havoc. This variation gave rise to a lengthy argument as to the scoring. Aleck insisting that it didn't count, and Tootie claiming at least two, because he was nearer to the mark than the others. They compromised on a score of one.

Little Jimmie hit the wall, or the sky, or the tree—nobody knew; for nothing of disaster came to the glass window because of his effort.

Teddy, perhaps because of his practice, opened up a considerable rent in the halo that half encircled the peaceful head of Peter the Apostle.

That was three, and each gunner owed him a cent. They all repaired to the vestry door, and the nail wrought sad havoc in its polished beauty before the score was satisfactorily engraved.

The taste of victory made Stubs lavish of his gun and ammunition, and the rifle contest continued; their marksmanship getting better as they shot, until they were forced to shift the centre of the target. Peter's head had been practically lopped from his shoulders. Even John's nose was lying somewhere within the church, while the lame beggar was like a colander, perforated as plentifully as though he had been the victim of a file of soldiers.

Just as they were starting in with the second Apostle as a target, the gun jammed; something in its mechanism flipped out of gear. The accident to the gun engrossed them so completely that the advent of "Old Trouble," the caretaker, was not heard. He had entered through the main door on the far side. The subtle something that always leads one to a broken treasure took Daddy Leach by the arm and caused him to hobble right into the nest of shattered glass that lay, glittering like jewels, on the red carpet.

As the old man raised his eyes they encountered other portions of John and the window ledge, and above, his gaze reached through jagged rents, and beyond was the calm blue sky.

"Ma conscience! it's awfu'! Peter's fair decapitated. Wha' deil—it must ha' been the birdies."

He looked about the floor; there was no implement of destruction lying thereon.

"An' John's fair ruined!" he continued, turning to the window. "Even the beggar's fu' o' holes. Ma conscience! It's vera like the work o' the Evil One."

To investigate, "Trouble" climbed to a pew, and from pew to window ledge, his mind almost stunned by the disaster.

"It must ha' been the sparrings," he muttered, straightening his rheumatic-crooked back, and peering through the opening where had been the head of Peter the Apostle.

Just at that instant the gun was cleared of an obstructing pellet. It was Cyril's shot. As he raised the barrel the weapon dropped from his hands and he stood transfixed with horror. At first he almost thought that it was the head of the Apostle returned by a miracle.

At any rate, he was speedily disillusioned, as "Old Trouble's" harsh voice squeaked: "I ken ye, ye imps. I've caught ye. Yer faithers 'll fair skin ye fer smashin' Peter; aye, an' pay fer it, too. Ye needna run, just—ye needna run; I ken ye!" he fairly screamed, as the five, without a word, fled like starved hares.

"Old Trouble," for once in his life, spoke in the words of a prophet; there was a gala day of settlements all around. The five little men paid the penalty of their thoughtless rashness, and the fathers without demur settled the bill for breakage.



At first he almost thought that it was the head of the Apostle returned by a miracle



HARVARD'S VARSITY CREW SQUAD ON THE PORCH AT RED TOP



CAPTAIN CROSS AND YALE'S VARSITY EIGHT AT GALE'S FERRY

READY FOR THE RACE AT NEW LONDON

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE white yachts fill the river, lying like dazzling water-lilies in the June sunshine, the observation trains rippling with a thousand colors wind along the shore, there is the glow and glitter of polished brass and display flags, of blue sky and sunlit water, and the cheers and cries echo faintly from shore to shore. Then at last two little centipedes specks appear far up-stream, holding the hearts of thousands in the swinging of their oars; they come on and on and sweep at length into the narrow lane of water between the yachts, and with the cheers filling the air about them and the cannon thudding overhead, they fight out to a finish the last half mile. One crew has won, and its eight oarsmen, collegiate heroes for the rest of their lives, sit panting and happy and ready to row the race over again. The other is beaten, and down and out, and, after fighting the good fight for four long miles, they droop helpless over their sweeps as the coxswain calls, "Let her run!"

But this is anticipating. The race is still a week away, and the Harvard and Yale crews are still at Red Top and Gale's Ferry, rowing in the mornings and the late afternoons, loafing about in flannels, reading and trying to study, consuming vast quantities of very excellent roast beef, and now and then, in a farmer's cottage, or in a tent under the eye of a proctor, taking examinations and trying to forget oarsmanship long enough to describe the difference between a Doric and an Ionic column, or to tell which party one would have supported if one had been an English voter at any general election since 1875, and why. And if you had gone to New London any time during the last fortnight, particularly if it were a damp, dark day with an old-fashioned New England east wind blowing, you would have felt the way the war correspondents always do when they describe the look of things on the eve of an engagement and are impressed with the peacefulness of the face of nature, and the fact that the green leaves are still green, that the birds are not voiceless and that the sap still ascends the tree-trunks in the same old way.

The Daily Routine

The old town and the river which, next Thursday, from the Casino to the Pequot House, will be alive with pleasure craft and display flags, and the crimson and blue of Harvard and Yale, is now as bare and bleak and drear as a ballroom after breakfast. But you wouldn't mind that if you were a crew man. You oughtn't to mind much of anything if you are a crew man. You are feeling as strong and fit as probably you will ever feel in your life, and you have nothing to do but get stronger and fitter and to make yourself very famous. In the morning you row a bit, just enough to warm yourself up and loosen out the kinks, then you loaf about in picturesque flannels, with perhaps a collarless

sweater and a crimson kerchief knotted about your neck, and read and play ball or quoits or the piano or with the bull terrier, and then in the late afternoon you row some more. This time you strip to the waist and row very violently and for long distances, while a launch swirls along just behind you, and a number of young men in oilskins stand up in it and gaze at you solemnly, and the coach bellows all sorts of things at you through his megaphone. And what a beautiful sight it is that those in the launch are privileged to see. The grip of the oars on the water, the heave of the broad backs and shoulders, that flexion of wrists and arms and shoulders as the oar is pulled in to the chest and shot away again—a movement as quick and as subtle as that movement of a violinist's wrist just before the up-stroke of the bow—and then the vigor and sweep and life in the shell when the eight men catch the beat and the shell leaps ahead, faster and faster, to the lash of the coxswain's cries.



COACH COLSON AND THE HARVARD EIGHT

It is twilight, perhaps, when the shell again comes back to the float, and you and the others swing it out of the water and, dripping, over your heads as easily as though it were an umbrella, and carry it up to the boathouse. And presently, in spite of the cold wind, you stroll casually down to the edge of the float and pour bucket after bucket of cold water over your steaming shoulders, and thereby cause a vague jealousy to arise in the heart of the spectator on the bank, who wraps himself tighter in his oilskins and recalls a period somewhere in the dark backward and abysm of time when he could absentmindedly stand that sort of thing.

The answer which the Harvard crew will make to the question that will be asked of them June 30th is, to the impartial sportsman, the most interesting point about the coming race. Yale's crew, good or bad—and it is ridiculous to talk of Yale not having a good crew when the day of the race comes round—is a typical Yale crew as developed by Kennedy along the same lines that have been successfully followed at New Haven for the past few years. There is not as much beef in the eight as there might be, and there have been a good many changes made late in the season, but the stroke and the coach are unchanged. Harvard's crew, on the other hand, is the first product of the skill of the new Harvard coach, Mr. Frederick Colson, and as such its work has all the interest which attaches to all experiments in rowing technique, and to that most complex and subtle of tasks, the perfecting of an eight-oared crew. Mr. Colson was coxswain of Cornell crews for four years. His Freshman crew in '94 won, he went abroad with the Cornell crew which competed at Henley in '95, he was coxswain of the victorious Cornell varsity eights in '96 and '97, and in the latter year he was not only coxswain, but captain. Mr. Colson is a little, good-humored, and studious-looking man with spectacles. As a coxswain learns rowing sitting in the stern of the shell with his hands on the tiller ropes and the eight big bodies heaving back and forth in front of him, and another eight showing its profile at his side, Mr. Colson knows it, blade and slide; but he himself has never pulled an oar, and to have a head rowing coach who is neither a rigging specialist nor an oarsman is in itself interesting.

Final Days of Training

It is in these last days before the race that the positive results of Mr. Colson's coaching must be most decisively brought out. Up to the beginning of the last fortnight of training, the work had been rather more that of foundation-laying and preparation, the developing of oarsmanship and stamina rather than speed. In the early work on the Charles no attempt was made to row anything but a slow stroke, and when I saw the crew row over the four-mile course at New London a



YALE'S VARSITY CREW AT THE CATCH



THE HARVARD VARSITY CREW AT THE FULL REACH

EDUCATIONAL

The Democratic Outlook

(Continued from page 12)

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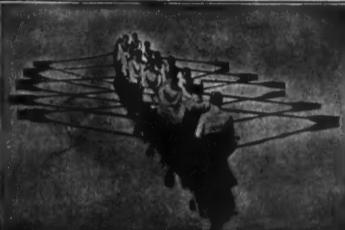
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closet economist. The employment in political discussion and platforms of a terminology devised for scientific economic inquiry often produces the greatest confusion.

Now it is quite clear that, for an indefinite time to come, we must continue to raise a very large proportion of our revenues by import duties. It is also clear that the imposition of these duties must in some way and to some degree affect the industries of this country whose products meet the dutiable articles in our home markets. Is it not equally evident that it is the part of wisdom so to lay these duties that this effect shall be beneficial rather than injurious? Can the statesman, if wise, honest, and patriotic, do any less? This results in incidental protection, if I may use a term already familiar in similar discussions; and it relates the protection resulting from the laying of the duties to the amount of revenue made necessary by the government's requirements.

If the statement on this subject is wisely drawn by the St. Louis platform-makers, it will give the country assurance that nobody proposes a policy of "free-trade," and that the tariff revision which the Democratic party proposes will both unmask the schedule-protected monopolies and treat fairly every legitimate industry.

5. *Retrenchment.* The recent increase in the total of Congressional appropriations has been beyond all precedent and, in the opinion of vast numbers of citizens regardless of party, is without sufficient justification. The Democratic platform will undoubtedly arraign this extravagance, point out specifically the causes and particulars of it, and pledge its nominees to retrenchment.

6. *Purification of the Public Service.* If there is one thing to which constant testimony is borne by the experience of governments, it is the tendency of a long tenure of power to breed corruption. The Democratic Convention will be able to support this item in its indictment of the Republican party with an appalling list of particulars. The scandals in the Post-Office Department, in the General Land Office, and in several branches of the administration of our colonial affairs, which even the slight investigations thus far reluctantly permitted have disclosed, afford reasonable ground to apprehend that wider and more thorough inquiry would disclose not only additional corruption in the departments already partially investigated, but also in many other portions of the public service. No complete renovation is possible without a change of party responsibility. A strong appeal to popular support will be found in setting forth the facts upon which can be sustained a reasonable demand "to see the books."

7. *The Personality of the President.* It is wholly probable that the platform, while treating the occupant of the Chief Magistracy with proper respect, will nevertheless arraign certain of his characteristics as fraught with danger to the peace of the country. As the candidate of his party for a four years' term in the office he now occupies, he is legitimately subject to criticism based on his past official conduct and his well-known peculiarities of temper and endowment. Many of his qualities are admirable. Others are not so because of the opportunities of dangerous exercise their normal activity finds in his great office. There is no question that the inevitable tendencies to aggrandize the Executive that inhere in the absolute system necessarily pursued in the government of dependencies, are sure to receive emphasis at the hands of a man to whom the sense of power is so pleasant and self-restraint so difficult. Action seems a constant necessity with him; if not right action, then any action. There prevails in the country a large distrust of his uncertainty; while his unconcealed predilection for war, his adoption of much of the "pomp and circumstance" and martial usages of courts, and his reputed ambition for personal command in large military operations, awaken in the minds of many men a very since-misgiving as to what would ensue should he receive a direct popular mandate to be himself thoroughly for four years. These men recall the reorganization of the army, whereby the relation of the President to the military establishment has been made substantially that sustained by the Czar and Emperor William to their armies; the innovation of mounted escorts to attend arriving and departing dignitaries; the capricious promotion of officers because of personal relations to the President; the change in diplomatic etiquette, bringing the representatives of foreign powers into more customary formal relations with the President; the almost contemptuous disregard of plain provisions of law and of high diplomatic honor in the Panama imbroglio; the writing of the firebrand Cuban letter of menace, already mentioned; and the arbitrary exercise of legislative functions by Executive order in the case of the famous pension decree: all these, while somewhat restrained by the consideration of the indirect manner in which the incumbent of the Executive chair came to his high estate. Can it be wondered at that thoughtful citizens stand aghast at possibilities?

The programme presented by the issues named, while not exhaustive, is believed to embrace practically all of the questions of such live present interest as to constitute the determining factors in the Presidential election of 1904. It is also believed that it offers a satisfactory alternative to those many thousands of Republicans who realize how far from the Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln their party has drifted, and whose assistance would ensure victory to the United Democracy. This programme is at once progressive and safe. It is soundly Democratic. It is thoroughly American. I believe that on some such high plane of patriotic Americanism the Convention will appeal to the people of the United States, and not in vain.

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Set No. 2. Made of Cambrie.

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Behind the Scenes in Washington

By F. A. EMERY

Americans in the Making

THE new humorist in the House of Representatives, J. Adam Bede of Minnesota, has discovered a new description of the process a foreigner undergoes in attaining citizenship rights in this country. He says he was out in the West not long ago. He met a group of men who were talking of their different nationalities. Among them were representatives of a half-dozen different countries. Among them were Scotchman, a German, an Italian, a Swede, a Frenchman, and finally, says Bede, one fellow sighed for his skin in the mountains of the Nordland, and announced that he was a Norwegian but had been "neutralized!"

Progress and Equality

OVER half a century ago a French refugee of aristocratic lineage left France and went to the East Indies. There he remained a few years and then emigrated to the United States. He finally settled in Baltimore. He brought with him to this country, besides his immediate family, an East Indian negro as his slave and body servant. Later on the slave was given his freedom.

To-day, in the Bureau of Pensions, a young white man and a young black man sit at adjoining desks, performing the same class of clerical duties. The white man is the grandson of the French refugee, and the black man is the grandson of the slave of the French refugee. Both are excellent clerks and apparently of equal ability. Few of their colleagues know of this chain of circumstances. The case is one of the most striking illustrations of the fruit of the doctrine of equal rights and the policy of progression in all the history of the national capital.

No Further Appeal

THE queer ideas of the country at large as to official ethics at the national capital were illustrated by a bit of inside correspondence in connection with the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case. Every financial institution in the country was on the qui vive for the first news of the Court's conclusions. Washington representatives of these concerns received instructions to reel off hymns, old documents, or anything else over the long-distance telephones, in order to hold the lines to beat others on the first tip, and to use the telegraph freely. Finally one Western establishment wired its agent in Washington:

"When Supreme Court meets and the Justice begins reading the decision slip up to the bench and ask one of the other judges which way the case is decided and rush to us." "Can't," wired the agent in reply, "I need the fresh air. They'd jail me for contempt of court."

When the Court's decision became known, the concern wired these final instructions:

"Rush whether railroads will appeal." Back went the agent's answer: "There's no appeal from the Supreme Court except to Heaven, and probably no jurisdiction there."

A Modest Constituent

REPRESENTATIVE SHEPPARD of West Virginia has a constituent up in the mountainous country of his district who has a queer idea of the range of perquisites that members of Congress have at their disposal. Mr. Sheppard nourishes the conviction that if the Government distribution of seeds is continued, statesmen will be transposed into seedsmen, and that some legislative knight, on whose shield is blazoned a radish in its glory, or a turnip in repose, will introduce a resolution to oust the American eagle from the mace, and supplant it with a package of vegetable seed as the supreme emblem of the genius, character, and principal occupation of American statesmanship. The gentle missive that stirred this outburst of sarcasm, uttered with all the formality of a political panegyric on the floor of the Lower House of Congress, was as follows:

"Dear Sir—I wish you would send me the seed and other things I mention below—one peck of some good early corn, 1 bu. of cotton seed and some good sorghum seed and a union suit of clothes, a coat 38 in size and pants 33-34—and anything else you are a mind to have sent me. I need all these things, which the same will be gladly received."

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BOOKS AND PLAYS

(Continued from page 19)

and it lacks the elevation, the distance, of similar thoughts in Emerson—"Good-by, proud world, I'm going home;" in Fitzgerald's "Omar;" in Arnold's "Dover Beach," with the suggestions of its "melancholy, long withdrawing roar."

This is not a comparison between minor poets and great ones. I do not speak of "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," of "When I have fears that I may cease to be," of any of the greatest poets in presence of the universal fate, but only of a contrast between two spirits in poets near enough to be compared. One set is just a little too strenuous to be poetical. The others mingle with their defiance and self-assertion a deeper sense of the inevitable, an intellectual humility, which brings them into harmony with a greater world—which hitches their wagons to the stars. They admit and realize their inferiority, like Job at the end, or like Heine, when, at his bitterest, he addresses his superior in a tone of lofty courtesy: "Here I venture to offer most submissively the suggestion that the sport which the Master has inflicted on the poor pupil is rather too long drawn out; it has already lasted over six years, and after a time becomes monotonous. Moreover, if I may take the liberty to say it, in my humble opinion the jest is not new, and the great Aristophanes of Heaven has already used it on a former occasion, and has, therefore, been guilty of plagiarism on His own exalted self." No defiance sounds a poetic or exalted note that does not seem to include a knowledge of the speaker's fate and littleness. The awfulness and power of the world defied must be felt more than the personal attitude of the defier. Otherwise we have not grandeur, but ordinary strenuous egotism.

Triumph for the Trust

ANYBODY who sends in the proper name for this department will receive my check for \$25, and, perhaps, for all I know, a similar contribution also from Mr. Collier. Although this is not a princely offer, it represents an earnest wish. The present title is misleading. Regular reviewing will find a larger place when the review number is begun. This is not a review department, but a monthly talk about the side of life represented by the arts, and the most popular arts in our time and country are literature and the stage. Mr. Parrish's heading represents exactly the spirit desired, reflecting as it does a famous stanza descriptive of the mood.

In the drama, the only notable development at the season's end was the final triumph of the syndicate over the rather promising opposition which had been created. Once more Mrs. Fiske stands alone in opposition, as she did when the actor agreement against the trust went to pieces half a dozen years ago. It is an unfortunate triumph of business organization. It is an obstacle to the progress which surely must come to our stage. It continues the dominant power of a group of half a dozen men whose tastes never rise above mediocrity, but frequently descend below it.

■ ■ ■

SCIENTIFIC SUNSHINE IN THE HOME

(A London physician claims that radium has cured a man of the wife-beating habit)

By WALLACE IRWIN

JIM SMITH he used to beat his wife. He didn't like to do it, But since he'd done it all his life He got accustomed to it. So Dr. Brown remarked to him, "You're in a dreadful way. Before the case grows chronic, Jim, Please take this radium ray."

Jim Smith he took the doctor's dose, Indifferent of danger, At once beginning to disclose Traits that grew strange and stranger. No more his timid wife he beat In his old, rakish way; His air waxed gentle, soft, and sweet Through that one radium ray.

That little dose of radio-goo So harmless made poor Jim That he discovered, first he knew, His wife was beating him. Then Smith limped humbly to complain To Dr. Brown one day, "Oh, doctor, please give Mary Jane One kindly radium ray."

The doctor treated Mrs. Smith; The influence was calming, For soon her soul seemed brimming with Thoughts ladylike and charming. Then arm in arm, demure and nice, The Smiths went home to stay In one fair radio-Paradise Lit by a radium ray.



BOOKS AND PLAYS

(Continued from page 19)

and it lacks the elevation, the distance, of similar thoughts in Emerson—"Good-by, proud world, I'm going home;" in Fitzgerald's "Omar;" in Arnold's "Dover Beach," with the suggestions of its "melancholy, long withdrawing roar."

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Triumph for the Trust

ANYBODY who sends in the proper name for this department will receive my check for \$25, and, perhaps, for all I know, a similar contribution also from Mr. Collier. Although this is not a princely offer, it represents an earnest wish. The present title is misleading. Regular reviewing will find a larger place when the review number is begun. This is not a review department, but a monthly talk about the side of life represented by the arts, and the most popular arts in our time and country are literature and the stage. Mr. Parrish's heading represents exactly the spirit desired, reflecting as it does a famous stanza descriptive of the mood.

In the drama, the only notable development at the season's end was the final triumph of the syndicate over the rather promising opposition which had been created. Once more Mrs. Fiske stands alone in opposition, as she did when the actor agreement against the trust went to pieces half a dozen years ago. It is an unfortunate triumph of business organization. It is an obstacle to the progress which surely must come to our stage. It continues the dominant power of a group of half a dozen men whose tastes never rise above mediocrity, but frequently descend below it.

■ ■ ■

SCIENTIFIC SUNSHINE IN THE HOME

(A London physician claims that radium has cured a man of the wife-beating habit)

By WALLACE IRWIN

JIM SMITH he used to beat his wife. He didn't like to do it, But since he'd done it all his life He got accustomed to it. So Dr. Brown remarked to him, "You're in a dreadful way. Before the case grows chronic, Jim, Please take this radium ray."

Jim Smith he took the doctor's dose, Indifferent of danger, At once beginning to disclose Traits that grew strange and stranger. No more his timid wife he beat In his old, rakish way; His air waxed gentle, soft, and sweet Through that one radium ray.

That little dose of radio-goo So harmless made poor Jim That he discovered, first he knew, His wife was beating him. Then Smith limped humbly to complain To Dr. Brown one day, "Oh, doctor, please give Mary Jane One kindly radium ray."

The doctor treated Mrs. Smith; The influence was calming, For soon her soul seemed brimming with Thoughts ladylike and charming. Then arm in arm, demure and nice, The Smiths went home to stay In one fair radio-Paradise Lit by a radium ray.

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Through the door came a deep, clear voice discussing in Russian some topic of apparent interest. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and then one of the sailors, divining that the Admiral's caller was about to leave, swung open the door. The visitor passed out, leaving Skrydloff standing in the doorway. He looked at me penetratively, then at my card and the copy of Collier's in his hand. "Come in," he said, "I do not speak very good English, but I shall be glad to talk with you."

The Admiral turned over the pages of the Weekly, glancing at Captain Mahan's article, which he said he would read carefully, and stopped at the full-page picture of Admiral Togo—his clever and ubiquitous opponent. It seemed to me that I could trace a resemblance between the features of the two men. Both have the same penetrating look about the eyes, the nose thin at the base and wide at the nostrils, the determined set of the mouth and the firm chin hidden by a beard. Togo smiled at his new antagonist; upon Skrydloff's face was an expression that told louder than words his appreciation of the monumental task which the Emperor has placed upon his shoulders. If the implication that he did not wish to go to Port Arthur had remained in my thought, it would have disappeared instantly when I looked at the man; and my spontaneous belief in his courage needed no confirmation by the little white cross—the badge of courage—that dangled upon his breast. To my mind, Vice-Admiral Skrydloff seemed to have weighed fully the task given him to do, and, in spite of the superhuman character of it, was determined to apply all his strength and all his mind to its accomplishment. Makarov went to Port Arthur to command a battered fleet, but Skrydloff is going there to command the remnants of a fleet.

To a correspondent, who had sought to interview him a few days before I called, the Admiral had said: "I can not talk now, but come to Port Arthur, and, after the first bombardment, I'll give you an interview." I explained to the Admiral that I did not want an interview—which consequently relieved me from the necessity of accompanying him to the Far East—but there was one point upon which I desired particularly to be informed. "Admiral Makarov," I said, "believed more in light, swift cruisers and torpedo-boats than in battleships. In what type of ships do you place your faith?"

"Battleships," was the prompt, laconic reply.

■ ■ ■

AN HISTORICAL DAY ON THE YALU

(Continued from page 14)

right held by the Japanese pumped percussion after percussion into the earth, and dust rose to join the smoke.

The conical fort was not the only Russian battery or the only object of Japanese fire. The outnumbering guns of the Japanese, so excellently manned, made the odds in this duel seem unfair. But as long as the enemy has a weapon in his hands and has not signaled his surrender, the business is to kill. War is the most unsportsmanlike of games.

Rarely were all the Japanese guns in action; there was no need of it. There were minutes when you heard a score of explosions; there were other minutes when you heard the talk of the reserves, who with rifles stacked rested on the slopes of the valley at your feet.

Intent on watching the guns, one forgot the direction where the hills hid the river—where the crossing, report said, had been made.

Sweeping casually the Russian side of the river with the naked eye, one saw something denser than a shadow that seemed to be moving. A look through the glasses, and the programme of the day's work was as clear as what had happened. On the Russian left (up the river) the bank rises in a precipitous rocky formation to a height of a thousand feet. At the base is a path and a line of sand left by the falling current. Stretching along this for a mile or more, like so many blue pencil marks on brown paper, were the Japanese. Any Russians above them could have done more damage with tumbling boulders than with rifle-fire. The Japanese were under a shelf. They could be reached only by shooting straight down the stream, and had gun or rifle ventured this, they would have found no cover save the smoke of shrapnel from the batteries which would have sent them back. The crossing of the Yalu had been effected by a few rounds of musketry fire. The impregnable position of the enemy had become cover and protection for the Japanese advance.

That line kept breaking into sections, which scrambled up ravines to the heights and disappeared. That which meant most we had seen at simple route marching, and then we turned our attention to the guns, which fired whenever a mark showed itself. At three in the afternoon we saw our hill-climbers again—some of them. They had gone over the heights and were under cover of a knoll opposite Wiju. One may say that the Japanese guns, numerous, well-placed, withholding their fire till the great day, accomplished the crossing of the Yalu; one may say that the crossing was the result of a feint on the left and a movement on the right; one may say many things. The Japanese always intimated that they meant to cross below Wiju on the left. They had crossed above Wiju in the war with China. But the fords were uncertain and tortuous. We even heard of a magnificent, if not warlike, plan of building a pontoon under fire. This the centre guard,



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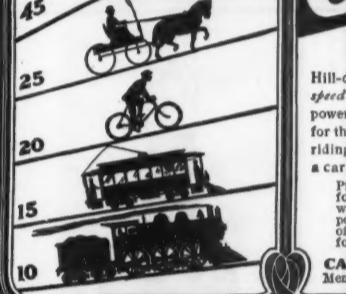
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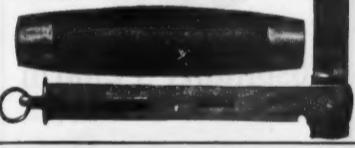
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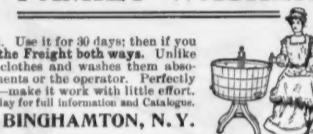
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fully expecting to lose half their number, were to cross while the left made a lodgment for flanking purposes further down-stream. Correspondents were permitted to look at the lower part of the river all they pleased. The Russians may have also heard this fairy story. It is incredible to think that they believed.

This movement, like all others, resolved itself into the old essentials. There was less strategy than tactics. Why the islands up the river had been chosen for the point of crossing was plain enough when, from the tents of headquarters, on the evening of the 29th, I saw the bridges which had been built joining two islands across narrow and sluggish currents. Once arrived on the other bank, the storming party were not in a pocket, as they would have been below Wiju, but had safe breathing space under cover. They could go over in the night and be ready for work in the morning.

Kuroki's Perfect Preparation

This crossing was used in the war with China, and now again in the war with Russia, because it was the strategically natural one. The simple principles of strategy must remain the same. Upon personnel and execution depend success. In the hour when the faculties are dazed with the mass of incident and the memory crowded with kaleidoscopic scenes, every fresh consideration brings a fresh tribute of praise to this feat of military workmanship. It is clear enough now why the general did not want us to see the ends of his lines, or whether the timbers and the planking for the bridges were borne after they disappeared behind the knolls following the military roads. His line was far shorter than any one had supposed. The river itself protected his flanks. Within a radius of ten miles his whole army was held ready to throw over the river in force, unwearyed by marching. His success was his preparation. His fortune was the weather, which made the water in the Yalu low; which gave his gunners clear air; which gave his men dry ground to sleep on and dry clothes to sleep in.

There is a word which has possibly been used in every despatch sent from the front, and that is "precision." No word can take its place. Whether in the arrangement of transport or in the accuracy of gun-fire it expresses the work of this army. We who have seen manoeuvres where hitches that no blunders ever occur are prepared for greater ones in actual battle. The movement of the 29th of April on the banks of the Yalu was like a field manoeuvre (if you can imagine such a thing) where the troops had been taken over the positions beforehand, and every detail rehearsed with the care of a wedding ceremony. From the day that coolies were sent to sawing bridge planks far to the rear, and the first outpost was placed and the first sod turned for a road or a gun position, the Japanese army seemed to know precisely what it had to do and just how it was going to do it. From the headquarters with its Japanese smile no information came, and the barrier to inquiry was ever that of Oriental politeness. The contention that a modern army can not keep its secrets and have correspondents in the field was made ridiculous by the Japanese success in this respect. It can never be used again to excuse military incompetency. The years of preparation for a set task made in Tokio (which might mean little in practice) became in application and execution as pattern-like as theory itself.

Of Kuroki, the man who directed operations on the spot, we have had occasional glimpses. He is sturdily built, sinewy, with no spare flesh, and has a clean-shaven square jaw, something like that of Grant. In the days of waiting, when no man knew where or how we were to cross or what forces the Russians had, and he alone knew all—quite all, staff officers knowing only each his part—one saw him walking by himself among the trees of the groves which he and his staff occupied, and again with a telescope on a prominence watching his own troops rather than the positions of the enemy—watching and smoking. One of his absolute prohibitions to the correspondents was the mention either of his name or of the place from which they wrote, for that would have told the location of headquarters.

Good Work of the Engineers

I have said that fortune favored him. I should have added that nature also favored him. The hills running toward the bluff, which descends sharply to the river, held valleys between their heights which were meant to mask an army's movements. And the Japanese engineers knew how best to make nature serve their purpose. They least of all, in an army which shirks no amount of tedious labor to gain an object, were inclined to spare any pains. Before the troops and the guns advanced, every point of the road where it might have been visible from the Russian side had been screened by fences of cornstalks and of young trees cut near their roots and set in the ground. Where the descent was at right angles to the river itself, aprons of grass and weeds had been hung. You could have driven a battery of artillery the length of the miles of hidden roadway freshly constructed without once showing it to the enemy.

Riding back from headquarters to camp, you left the army behind as abruptly as the walls of a town. Roads, screens, gun positions had served their purpose. The hillsides were swept clean of human occupation. No débris was left behind. There never is in the path of the Japanese. In Wiju, whose houses only the day before had held all the Japanese that could be packed on their floors, open windows and doorways stared at you. The quiet was as intense as the crack of a shrapnel is sharp.

A FEW weeks ago a man said to me, "Send me one hundred of your Panetela Cigars. I want them to smoke on the golf links and out of doors."

I saw him yesterday morning on a train. As he was cutting off the end of his cigar he turned around and saw me—smiled, said "Good morning," and added, "I owe you an apology. This is one of your cigars and is the best I know for steady smoking."

My reply was, "If you will give me your photograph and say that over your signature, on your business letterhead, you will place me under everlasting obligations."

Of course he declined to do so.

This man's business is known wherever civilized men live in the world. He is rich, cultured, and traveled. He lives in a beautiful home, has horses, coachmen, and gardeners.

A mutual friend, who knows him well, tells me that he never before knew of him having other than a genuine imported cigar in his house. I wish I dared print his name—without it the story may sound "fishy." It is true, nevertheless.

I find that most of my customers are men who have been paying from \$8 to \$15 per hundred for their cigars, and men who can afford to pay these prices and would, if they didn't get better cigars from me for less money.

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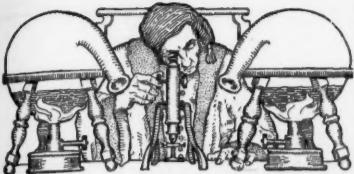
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Wood Rollers Tin Rollers





NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A tribe of Western Indians gather and use the seeds of the yellow water lily as food

Some of the Indian tribes of the United States still cling to their primitive forms of food. A notable instance of this is the continued use of wokas by the Klamath Indians. This tribe occupies the Klamath reservation, which is a part of the territory originally occupied by them before the arrival of the white men, and lies in the southern part of Oregon. The land has but a small annual rainfall, but, on account of its situation at the foot of the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains, it is well watered with streams and contains two considerable bodies of water. One of these, Klamath Marsh, is particularly rich in plants, and consequently in animal life. Occupying about 10,000 acres of this marsh there is a solid growth of the large yellow water lily, *Nymphaea polysepala*. In the old times the seeds of this plant were collected by the Indians, and, under the name of wokas, furnished their principal grain supply, filling the place of the corn used by some other tribes. To-day these seeds are still collected and regarded by the Klamath Indians as a delicacy. The lily seeds are harvested in August; the wokas gatherer uses a dugout canoe, and poling herself around among the dense growth of stems and leaves, picks off the full-grown seed pods.

Soon all traffic on New York Central R. R. out of New York City will be by electric power

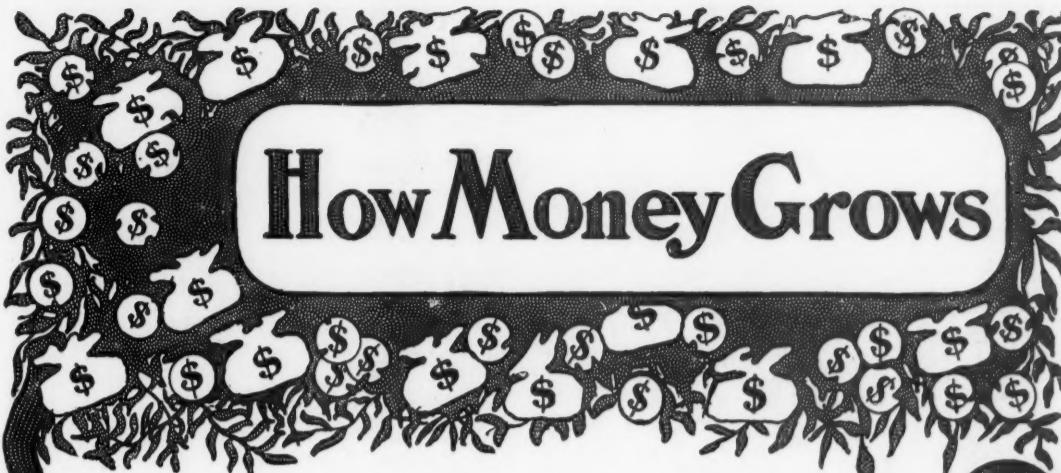
One of the most wonderful engineering operations ever contemplated is the conversion of a portion of the New York Central Railroad from steam to electric traction. The plans have been almost entirely completed, and in a short time service as far as Tarrytown will be electric.

The difficulties of the problem were enormous, both on account of the great tonnage to be hauled and the different classes of traffic. The main generating station, recently contracted for, is even somewhat ahead of the times, as the generators, each of some seven thousand horsepower, are to be driven by the new and almost untried steam turbines. Leaving the main station, the current will be carried by cables to the several sub-stations, where it will be transformed from its high transmission voltage to a lower one, and then converted into direct current and fed to the third rail or trolley wire. Both the third rail and overhead systems will be used, the former on the main lines, where switches and cross-overs are comparatively few, and the latter in the yards, where the complex network of tracks would make the third rail almost an impossibility, and a source of great danger. The through trains will be hauled out as far as Tarrytown by huge electric locomotives, and then will be given over to steam engines; while the local traffic, both on the main line and the Harlem Division, will be handled by the "multiple unit system" similar to that now used on the elevated road, and to be used on the underground. Indeed, it is contemplated to run from the city rapid transit systems right out over the Central tracks from all parts of the city without change of cars.

Some new torpedoes in use by the United States navy: their range and accuracy

One may well be impressed with the tremendously destructive power of the modern torpedo; few persons, however, are aware of the great accuracy of which this weapon is capable in the hands of those skilled in its use. The automobile torpedoes in the United States service are, almost without exception, of the Whitehead type, and are of two lengths, 3.55 meters (about 11 1/2 feet) and 5 meters (about 16 feet). The newest and most efficient type of torpedo is fitted with the gyroscope, a steering apparatus whereby the projectile steers itself directly at the point aimed at regardless of any twist incurred in firing, and due to the speed of the vessel or the roughness of the sea. Moreover, the improved gyroscope may be set so that the torpedo, after launching, will turn through any desired angle, up to 120°, before beginning its straight run. By this device it is possible to fire a torpedo at right angles to the length of the boat and have it hit a mark dead ahead.

The best torpedoes already in the service are sufficiently accurate, at a range of 1,500 yards, to keep within 15 inches of the set depth, to come within 20 yards of the centre of the target, and to maintain a speed of 24 knots. The Bureau of Ordnance has recently contracted for some new torpedoes which are to have higher speed and longer range. Those most familiar with the handling of modern torpedoes believe that at ranges of about 1,000 yards fully 75 per cent of the torpedoes fired will strike a hostile vessel, and any torpedo will sink a warship or put her out of fighting condition. Actual experiments, both with and without searchlights, have shown that a torpedo boat on an ordinary night can get within range—that is, within 800 to 1,000 yards—of an opposing vessel before being detected. The only logical defence appears to be the torpedo-boat destroyer.



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